JOHN BULL, JUNE 30, 1934

TWOPENCE
Vol. LV.
1463.

TEST CROWDS SCANDAL SEE PAGE 5

JOHN BULL

"I was nearly nodding . . .

It seems funny to be sitting here on the front as if I'd bought it . . it's wonderful 'ow doing nothing comes so natural like to a body . . ah well, this time on Monday I'll be at Mrs. Kendrew's getting the things out of the copper . . it's been a nice change but I won't be sorry to get back . . I wonder how that Annie's been shaping . . hope she minded about the ironing and Robin Starch. I'll lay she's done the things so nice there won't be any room in the same kitchen with her . . still, we've all got to live and the young people must learn."

ROBIN STARCH *is mixed in a wink. The gloss is in it—you add nothing but water. With either hot or cold starching you get a professional finish.*

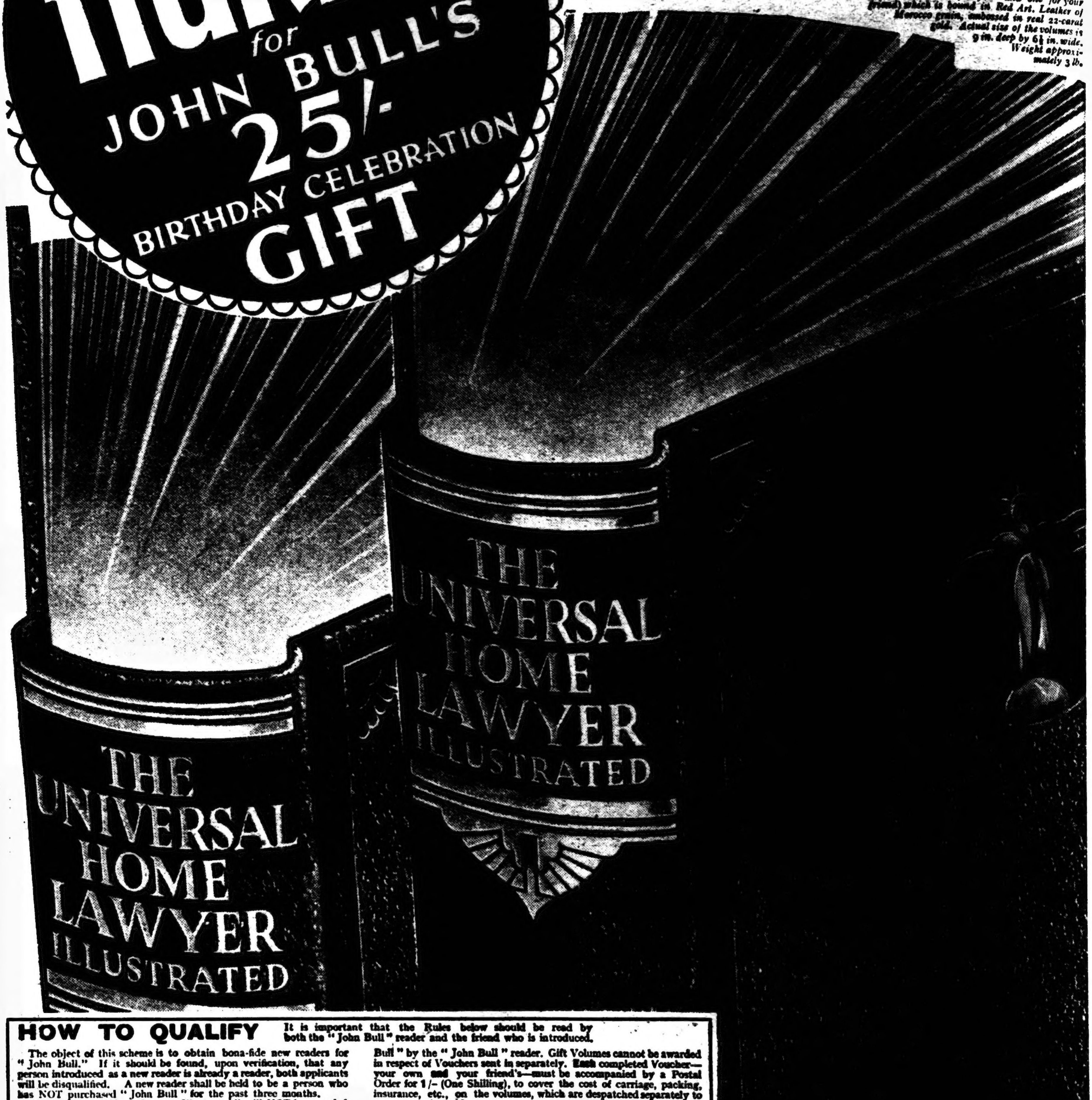
HURRY

for JOHN BULL'S 25/- BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION GIFT

The UNIVERSAL

One for You–One

The illustrations show the Ordinary Edition of this book (one for you—and one for your friend) which is bound in Red Art. Leather of Morocco grain, embossed in real 22-carat gold. Actual size of the volumes is 9 in. deep by 6½ in. wide. Weight approximately 3 lb.


THE UNIVERSAL HOME LAWYER ILLUSTRATED
THE UNIVERSAL HOME LAWYER ILLUSTRATED

HOW TO QUALIFY

It is important that the Rules below should be read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is introduced.

The object of this scheme is to obtain bona-fide new readers for "John Bull." If it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months.

"The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" will NOT be awarded unless applied for on an Official Voucher. Vouchers are sent to approved applicants (one for you and one for your friend) upon receipt of the Reservation Forms and Label.

Each applicant must complete his or her own Voucher by affixing to it thirteen consecutively numbered tokens cut from 13 successive current weekly issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible for this offer are Series "B" and they appear every week only in the LEFT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Applicants may start with Token No. "B 63" from this week's issue, but no tokens prior to "B 62" and no other series of tokens will be accepted under this scheme.

When the two Vouchers are completed—that is, AFTER the 13 weeks and NOT before—they must be sent in together to "John Bull" by the "John Bull" reader. Gift Volumes cannot be awarded in respect of Vouchers sent in separately. Each completed Voucher—your own and your friend's—must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 1/- (One Shilling), to cover the cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc., on the volumes, which are despatched separately to your respective addresses.

There is nothing more to pay. This offer is limited to the first 100,000 applicants.

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Volume and no Volume will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Each applicant who is qualifying for "The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" must see that his or her newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull."

Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

HOME LAWYER for Your Friend FREE!

"WHAT shall I do? "—" What is the wisest and safest course to take?" Every day thousands of our readers ask themselves these questions when faced by one or other of the troublesome and sometimes serious problems that arise in the daily round of life. And unless reliable legal advice can be obtained, the consequences may be awkward and even disastrous. It is for this reason—to meet the widespread need for a family friend and counsellor on all of your personal affairs and interests—that "John Bull" has produced "THE UNIVERSAL HOME LAWYER" (Illustrated)—the great new work which it invites every one of its readers to accept—FREE—as a Souvenir of its 28th Birthday.

That such a work has long been wanted is shown by the amazing response to "John Bull's" Birthday Offer. It is the pride of "John Bull" readers not to be fooled—to know their rights as citizens—and they have been quick to realise that this book, more than any other, tells them exactly where they stand. So continuous, in fact, is the demand for this "Home Lawyer" that "John Bull" this week again publishes the special Reservation Forms and advises every reader who has not yet applied to do so immediately.

Here is a work worth at least 25/-. Actually it is a treasure beyond price—a book that will save thousands upon thousands of pounds for our readers. Specially compiled and edited by eminent legal authorities it is being produced exclusively for "John Bull." From cover to cover it is entirely new—the very last word on every man's everyday legal problems. It contains over 800 pages, well over 600,000 words, and covers some 1,200 subjects, all alphabetically arranged for instant reference. Every sentence is set down clearly, unmistakably, in simple non-technical language. It is definitely a book for the people—written for the people.

So valuable is this work—so essential to every home—that "John Bull" offers a copy Free NOT ONLY TO YOU BUT ONE TO YOUR FRIEND AS WELL.

READ this list of *just a few* of the questions this great book answers.

What can you do if a person trespasses upon your garden or in your house?
What repairs is a tenant liable for and when is a landlord not liable for repairs?
When must a man support his mother-in-law?
Who can witness a will?
What are pitfalls of hire purchase?
What may you do if your neighbour's branches or roots extend into your garden?
How does a slate club work? How do you claim benefits?
To what extent is a dog owner liable for injuries caused by his dog?
When can you recover compensation as a result of an accident at work?
To what Income Tax reliefs are you entitled?
What is a wife entitled to at husband's death?
What is the penalty for betting or wagering in a street, road or highway?
What can you do if your neighbour is noisy?
What is the law affecting pillion-riding?
What are sub-letting restrictions?
What is the effect of failing to affix a 2d. stamp to a receipt for £2 or more?
What does the law consider a wife's property?
When cannot a claim for "benefit" by a member of a trade union be enforced at law?
When is a husband not responsible for wife's debts?
How can elderly poor people obtain relief?
When cannot Divorce be obtained?
When cannot arrest for assault be made?
When can you make an arrest?
What is the difference between libel and slander?
When can an arrested person be "bailed out"?
Are wedding presents given to a woman on her marriage her own property?
What can you do in the event of libel, slander, nuisances, negligence, injury to person or property?
When can a Public House be closed by the Police during hours?
What are a doctor's privileges?
When cannot a wife take criminal proceedings against her husband?
When can payment of rates be remitted?
What is the penalty for organising a lottery?
When can the law close your house?
When cannot a landlord distrain for rent?
When can you sue a doctor for damages?
What is Personal Property?
What do you do to cancel a will?
Who can claim compensation from an employer?
What is the penalty for placing rubbish in the road?

A unique feature of this work is its special supplements, including articles on Divorce; Gambling; Income Tax; Police Procedure—by Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., formerly Assistant Commissioner of Police; Road Traffic, by the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, Chairman of London County Council; etc., etc.

The value of this work is enormously enhanced by the inclusion of over 100 illustrations, including Forms of Agreement, Wills, Cheques, Contracts, etc.

The BOOK ITSELF is printed from brand-new type, on opaque ivory-finish paper. It is bound in rich Red Morocco-grained Art. Leather, embossed in *real 22-carat* gold. There is a decorative design on the front and it has a burnished dustproof top. The actual size of the volume is 9 in. deep by 6¼ in. wide; weight approximately 3 lb.

WHAT YOU DO NOW. To qualify for a Gift volume you are asked by "John Bull" to introduce one friend only who is NOT already a reader. All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for thirteen weeks. In return, we present **both to you and to your friend** a "Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" FREE. The only other thing to do is to make certain the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader—i.e., has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the last three months.

So great is our confidence in "John Bull" that we believe that those who, in the first place, are induced by our great offer to give "John Bull" a trial, will continue thereafter as regular readers.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for thirteen weeks, you are **each** asked to cut out and affix thirteen consecutive tokens from thirteen successive issues of "John Bull" to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you upon receipt of the Forms below. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed, you will **each** have despatched to you a "Universal Home Lawyer." **That is all. There is no "catch."** There are no hidden conditions. There is nothing more to do. There is nothing more for you and your friend to pay other than the shilling each, to cover carriage, packing in carton, insurance, etc.

APPLY WITHOUT DELAY. First read the simple "How to qualify" directions on the opposite page. Then take the first step towards securing your Gift Volume by getting the Reservation Forms below filled in and posted to "John Bull" to-day.

On receipt of the Forms below, properly completed, "John Bull" will send you two Gift Vouchers on which both you and your friend may qualify. At the same time, two Gift Volumes will be reserved—one in your own name and the other in the name of your friend.

POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE.

MAJOR-GENERAL
SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS
K.C.M.G., K.B.E. C.B.

WITH every copy of "The Universal Home Lawyer" "John Bull" is enclosing its "BLACK LIST OF SWINDLES," specially compiled from "John Bull's" Secret Dossiers and edited by Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., formerly Assistant Commissioner of Police. In issuing this important document "John Bull" is rendering a national service by warning the public against many of the most prevalent types of fraud.

IMPORTANT! Do not separate the forms below—post in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST affix a halfpenny stamp to the label. Write clearly in BLOCK letters.

OUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

Halfpenny stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by you

Name ....
Full Postal
Address ....
....
....
J.B.L.

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Applications from this announcement must be received by NOT LATER than Saturday, JULY 14.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

RESERVATION FORM "A."

To be filled in by reader of "John Bull" who is introducing NEW READER. The "John Bull" Reader MUST complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label with these Forms—give YOUR name and full postal address in block letters.

To Dept. J.B.2, "JOHN BULL"
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve "The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" in my name in return for my introducing a friend as a new reader. My friend has personally signed Form "B" and undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.
I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.
I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of "John Bull."
Please send me an Official Voucher on which to qualify for my Gift Volume together with a similar Voucher for me to hand on to my friend.

"John Bull" Reader's Signature ....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
Date ....
Give below Name and Address of Newsagent holding your Order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."
Newsagent's Name ....
Address ....
....

LEAVE BLANK
CHECKED
District Supervisor.

RESERVATION FORM "B."

This Form "B" MUST be filled in and signed PERSONALLY by the NEW READER—NOT by the "John Bull" reader.

Your special Gift offer was introduced by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form "A." I certify that I am NOT a reader of "John Bull" and that I have NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months. I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.
In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve "The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) an Official Voucher on which to qualify. I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

New Reader's Signature ....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
Date ....
Give below Name and Address of your Newsagent to whom you have given or will give an order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."
Newsagent's Name ....
Address ....
....

LEAVE BLANK
CHECKED
District Supervisor

"John Bull," 30 6 34

LOOK! YOU OLD TAILWAGGER —THERE YOU ARE, MEDAL AND ALL!
KODAK FILM GETS ALL THE DETAIL
Kodak Film
Kodak VERICHROME FILM

IT'S THE CLEARNESS of detail that makes one snap better than another. In a good snap you can see all the little details—Towser's paw marks in the sand, the stick in his mouth. This clearness of detail depends on the number of tones that the film records between dead black and pure white. Good film gets many tones, bad film, few. *Kodak Film gets them all.*

That's why all the leading movie directors are using Kodak Film. That's why your snaps will look sharp and sparkling, crisp and clear, if you follow their example.

"Verichrome," the famous double-coated eight-picture Kodak Film now costs 1/2 instead of 1/4—it gets the finest snaps possible whether the light is poor or perfect. Ask for it by name—"Verichrome." Regular Kodak Film costs 1/- for eight pictures instead of 1/2.

Look for the red and black bands at each end of the yellow carton—they mean "Verichrome" Film. Made by Kodak and sold everywhere by Kodak dealers.

KODAK LIMITED, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

“John Bull,” 30/6/34.

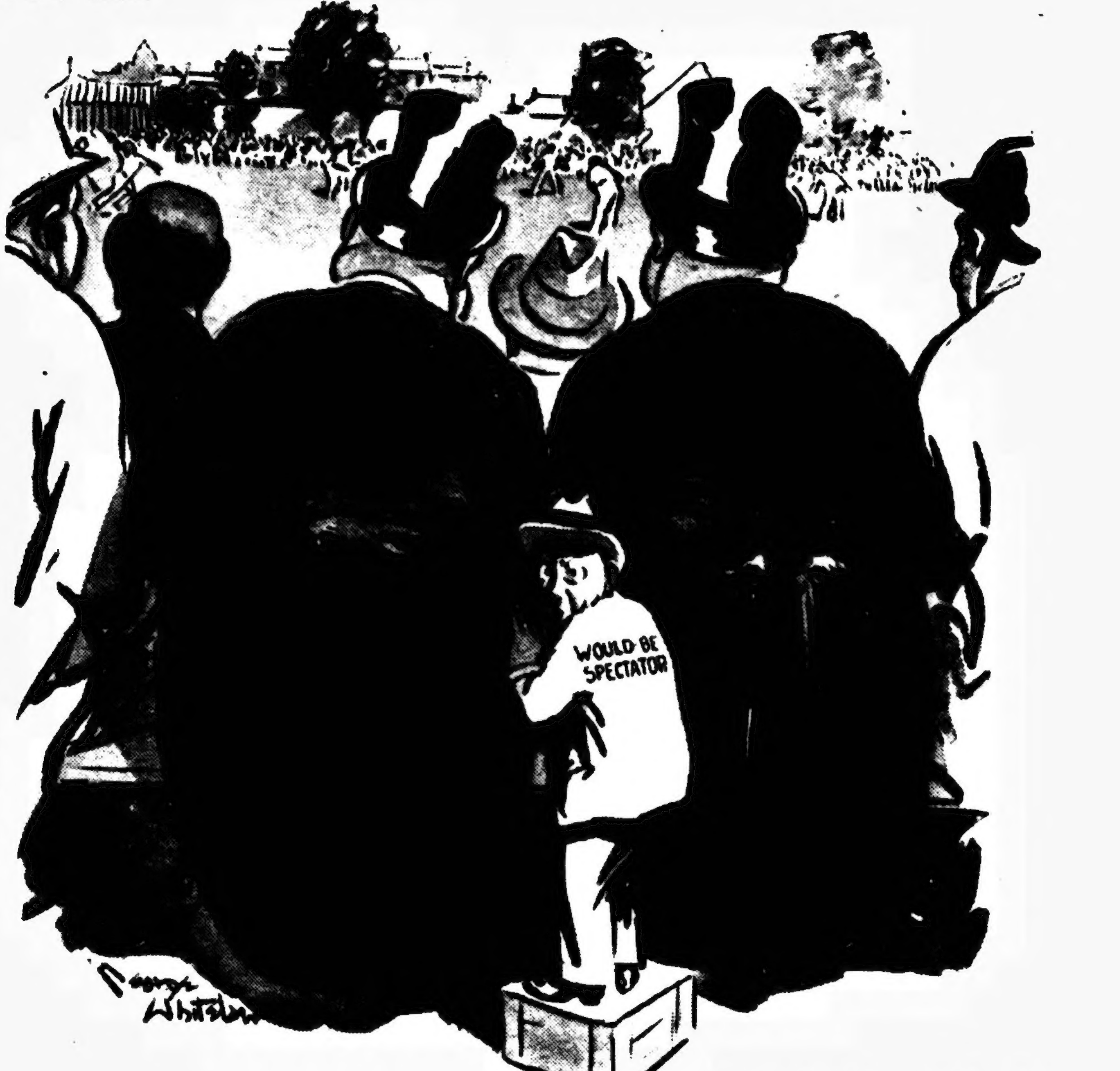
JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, June 30, 1934. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.
Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

TEST CROWDS Scandal



It is the “little man” who makes the game. Let the cricket bosses see that he gets a “look in”

—The REAL BLOT on CRICKET

A BARRAGE of verbal brickbats has been whirling round the heads of everybody connected or unconnected wih Test cricket. Larwood has spoken. Cricket captains and Cabinet Ministers have spoken, and we shall never know now whether a ball from Larwood would have wrecked the Empire—because Larwood won't play.

But now that the tumult and the shouting have died down a bit, we should like to draw attention to a far worse scandal of the Tests than the fate of any individual player. It merely concerns the most unimportant participants in a Test match, the thousands who pay good money to see the game—*or hope to see it*.

The accent is on the last phrase.

Within the last few years cricket has become a sport for the multitude. The game has taken on a new lease of life, it has acquired an interest vying with professional football and dog racing in the “gates” it can attract.

But that simple fact, obvious to everybody else, seems to have been beyond the wit or perception of the panjandrums who boss the cricket world.

We say there is not a Test ground in England where the accommodation is not totally inadequate for the crowds who would wish to attend the game. Nor one, where, as far as seating and amenities are concerned, the idea is not to give the least possible value for the most money.

From the public's point of view the Test grounds of England are a disgrace. They have amazed some of the Australian “fan” visitors into very outspoken comparison. And well they might.

ALL five of them—Lord's, the Oval, Manchester, Leeds and Nottingham—were built in Edwardian or Victorian times, and planned, apparently, only for the leisured few devotees of the game, who could afford to pay to sit in comparative comfort.

It is no exaggeration to say that 60,000 to 80,000 would have made the “gate” at each of the five Tests, but far more than half of them, hundreds of thousands in all, have been doomed to disappointment.

At the Oval, where the last and perhaps the most important Test will be played, there are only 4,000 seats ranging in price from 12s. to 4s. 6d., excluding admission to the ground, which is 3s. *They were sold out last January.* About 10,000 more, which is all the ground will hold, will have to see the match on foot, perambulating round the board walks and cement track.

The first Test at Nottingham provided an example. Even at the Monday game there was a queue of nearly 7,000 outside the Trent Bridge ground at noon still trying to get in. Eventually there was a combined rush by thousands on to the ground and almost on to the pitch itself.

FOR some time a situation almost as grave as that on the first Cup Final at Wembley was developing. Only luck and trojan efforts on the part of the Nottingham police averted some ugly incidents.

Eventually several of the thousands who managed to pay their half-crowns and got into the ground had to pay extra shillings to sit in places which normally cost 1s.

The Nottingham ground holds barely 20,000. Leeds is the same. Lords and Old Trafford can just pack in 30,000.

The inadequate and chaotic arrangements for crowd accommodation at the Test grounds extend to other matters also. Leeds and Manchester will not issue pass-out checks, but the cricket enthusiast who does not want to pay twice to go in has to fight for his food or go hungry.

With no exceptions catering arrangements are of the most inadequate and antiquated description. Eating booths would be a fair name for them, where thousands must scramble for food in a space hardly big enough to cope with a small County match crowd.

The vast and sudden public interest in cricket is making the game a golden proposition for the authorities, but by their attitude of doing as little and giving as little for as much money as possible they are doing their best to kill it.

They should take warning from what happened at the Lancashire-Australian match at Old Trafford recently. There the authorities pushed admission prices up all round and the consequence was that there was a gate of only 100 on one day to see the Australians in action in an important match.

It is not lack of money which prevents the bosses of cricket from catering properly for the crowds. It is supineness, lack of foresight and imagination and, perhaps, too, in their apparent reluctance to give the crowds a square deal, there is a certain amount of the snobbery which has always ruled the game. The attitude seems to be: “If the crowds come along—well, let them. And let them pay for it—and get in if they can.”

The M.C.C. collected £36,737 from the Test tour last year, and the amounts on previous occasions have always run well into five figures. As a rule, they present the counties with about £300 each from these profits. We can suggest an appropriate and suitable use for some of that money. They should devote it to providing grounds fit for the crowds who want to see the game.

Some years ago the M.C.C. did appoint a committee to inspect and report upon more suitable Test grounds. Perhaps, like some Royal Commissions, it is still sitting or has never reported. If it did so, and the present grounds are the result, then events are showing that it is high time another committee got busy again.

THERE are few other sports authorities who would have done what the cricket bosses do with their public. Lord's, for instance, have sold out all their tickets for the Test on the “no money back if no play” principle. Even without this rule they are heavily insured against play being stopped by weather. There is too much of this “heads I win, tails you lose” about every phase of the authorities' relations with the public.

Floods of printer's ink have been poured during the past few weeks on the relations between them and the players, and on points of the game which may or may not be “cricket.”

But let us remind them that it is the hard-earned shillings of the “little man” and the hundreds of thousands like him which make the game. Without him there would be NO Tests.

He is the one who is now waiting for a square deal. But he won't wait long. And for the good of cricket, it is about time its bosses awakened to this fact.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Income 26/-, Rent 15/-: It Can't Go On!

Bishops Who See Red

Cheap Sport an Offence?

A BLACKPOOL woman stole a loaf of bread last week. She was charged and bound over.

There's nothing unusual in that, we know. But what must have moved to pity everyone who read the case were the last few words in the kindly plea the Chief Constable made on her behalf:

"She is run down through undernourishment. Her husband is unemployed. He gets 26s. a week, *out of which he has to pay 15s. rent.*"

Living on shillings

Unfortunately, there's nothing very unusual about that, either.

But, to vary Mr. Micawber's famous dictum: "Income 26s., rent 15s.: result—misery." And we say it's misery that can't go on.

All over the country there are hundreds of thousands of people who have only a few shillings left for food, clothing, and other necessities after paying their preposterously high rent.

We have no hesitation in denouncing this exorbitant rent evil as one of the cruellest hardships of life to-day.

The Prince is right

The Prince of Wales recently declared that one-fifth of a man's income should be sufficient for rent.

That, indeed, used to be considered a reasonable allowance—one that would allow a family to live in decency and reasonable comfort.

But that was before a vast number of property owners became determined to "get rich quick."

Now, in innumerable cases, *one-half and more* of a family's income are filched by rascally landlords.

Little for a lot

We know of many houses in the poorer districts of London and other crowded towns where the harassed housewife, out of her scanty income of thirty shillings or less, must pay £1 or 15s. for two rooms

And those rooms are usually without any convenience. The water-tap is in the scullery at the back of the house—or in the yard. There is only one lavatory for the whole house.

And if the unlucky housewife cannot pay the exorbitant rent she is threatened with eviction.

Pay or get out!

Her landlord, in fact, is no better than the old highwayman. "Pay more or get out," he tells her in effect.

Remonstrance is useless; she knows only too well how difficult it would be to find cheaper accommodation. She must go on stinting herself and her family to enrich the landlord.

Moreover, rents are still soaring higher and higher. Syndicates are buying great blocks of property and forcing up the rents under threat of eviction.

Legal extortion

Consider the appalling situation in only one of the districts where such syndicates have been busy—the London borough of Wandsworth.

Rents have been raised by 3s. a week every few months. Tenants who formerly paid 12s. are now being forced to pay 22s.

Yet, because the houses are decontrolled, they have no remedy in law. The extortion which is crushing them is perfectly legal.

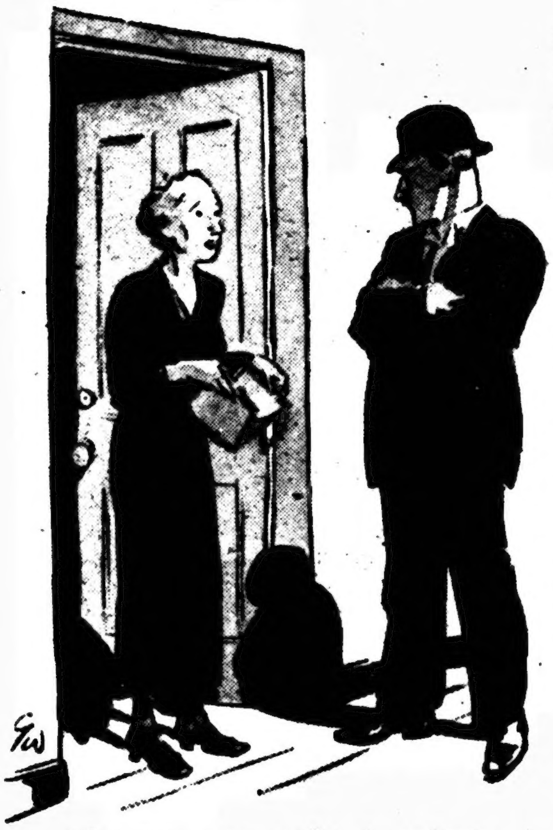
Revolt

Things have reached such a pass that the borough council is to confer with the Ministry of Health and to set up an advisory bureau for the assistance of tenants.

But what of the hundreds of other districts where the same reckless profiteering is in full swing?

Is nothing to be done for them?

We say that the whole question is of such vital importance that it should be dealt with on a nation-wide scale.



"Pay more or get out!" is the profiteering landlord's ultimatum

Every home in the country should be freed from this tyranny. Rents must not only be prevented from soaring to still more fantastic heights, but reduced; that should be the Government's immediate task.

The snail's progress

Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, doesn't seem very anxious to end the scandal of children being forced to work nearly twice as long as their parents.

Though he is going on with the much-attacked Shops Bill, he still intends to postpone the 48-hour week for young workers until 1936.

Why shouldn't we have it now? It might save the health of many over-worked youngsters, and find jobs for those who at present have no prospect of work.

Pigsty schools

Another Minister we'd like to jab into quick action is Mr. Ramsbotham, of the Board of Education.

Despite the scandal we have revealed in the conduct of private schools, with their pigsty premises, poor instruction and insufficient food, he says the Government is too busy to do anything about it.

Busy with what?

Bread and scrape

At any rate, we hope the Minister of Pensions, Major Tryon, isn't too busy to end a minor but very mean disgrace.

He admits that war-disabled men in the Ministry's hospitals have bread and margarine as their usual diet, butter being reserved for special cases.

So the Government can afford untold millions for the weapons of war, but begrudges a few pounds for those whose bodies were crushed by the last war!

Families discouraged

Then there's a job that Mr. Duff Cooper, of the War Office, shouldn't think twice about.

An M.P. has told him that the families of many Territorials have to draw public relief when the man of the house goes off for his annual training.

You see, married "Terriers" under twenty-six years of age aren't granted separation allowances for wife and children. We say that if the War Office wants men it should support them properly.

Not enough

Much the same might be said of most Whitehall departments. They are grumbling about a shortage of typists, but a shortage there will be until they pay decent wages.

A woman typist is expected to know French and German, metric weights, vulgar fractions and whatnot—all for a starting wage of 33s. a week.

Is it surprising that most girls prefer a business firm to the Civil Service.

Belated

Still less surprising was a Bolton lorry driver's theft of a small sum of money. For eighty-four hours' work a week he received only £1 and some meals.

His employer offered to take him back into his employ and pleaded for leniency, but we are not much impressed by his belated benevolence.

Shameful sentence

We are really shocked by the harsh treatment meted out to a Stirling boy of thirteen.

All that could be alleged against him in the juvenile court was that, having been transferred from a school where he was happy, he couldn't be persuaded to attend another where he was miserable and discontented.

Yet on this flimsy pretext and despite the protest of perfectly respectable parents he was sent to an industrial school for three years!

Gross abuse

It doesn't appear to have occurred to the court that a cause of his discontent might be the considerable distance he had to travel to his new school and the daily 'bus fares that his crippled father could ill-afford.

We have stressed the danger of the new children's legislation several times. And no amount of official whitewash will persuade us that such a case is anything but a gross and cruel abuse of the law.

We demand the release of this lad.

The Fragrant Minute

NOW'S THE DAY

ONE of these days is none of these days, when you're planning to aid a brother. One of these days is the poorest of ways when promising help for another. One of these days, well it never pays—when a letter is due to your mother.

One of these days is none of these days where there's an impulse that's good and kind. For "one of these days" it never obeys the heart—but only the mind. One of these days is none of these days when there's something that ought to be done. "One of these days" it just likes to laze from dawn until setting of sun!

One of these days? No, this very day, to aid that sister and brother. Was it "one of these days" I heard you say you'd write to father and mother? No, do it now, and without delay, for there may not be another day and nothing then would your grief allay. Swift kindness is always the better way.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Too cheap!

We are tempted to describe as an abuse of the law, too, the petty money-grubbing of the Treasury.

A Yorkshire football club made a special concession for the unemployed to see a cup-tie.

The Treasury ordered a prosecution; the club has been found guilty of a technical offence and ordered to pay costs for "permitting spectators to enter the 3d. gate without paying entertainment tax."

What the law calls a technical offence is a real "sporting" action.

Mischievous bishops

But we liked the sound sense that Lord Mottistone expressed in the House of Lords last week on sport and the law.

The bishops had attacked dog racing as "a social mischief"; Lord Mottistone reminded them of their wealthy parishioners who waste much more time and money at the card table.

The really mischievous people, to our mind, are those who believe that poor folk should be denied all opportunity of relieving the monotony of their daily existence.

Water everywhere

The craziest story of the week concerns the Leicestershire village of Hathern, which stands almost on the edge of a reservoir with millions of gallons in it, while nearby passes the aqueduct of the country's second biggest water scheme.

But the village hasn't a drop, has had none for years. Its appeals for a supply have merely led to squabbling and bickering.

Someone needs to be ducked in that reservoir.

The silly season

Then there's the worthless feat of thirty-six Frenchmen and four women who crossed the Channel in canvas canoes. That seems to have started the annual silly season of the Channel, but we hope it won't be emulated by English people.

Think of a fleet of folding canoes caught in a sudden storm. And think of the people who so often have to rescue "stunters" at the risk of their own lives.

Death trap

Continuing the string of stupidities, there is the tale about a Manchester club. The building was erected over a coalyard and shook backwards and forwards when a crowd of dancers took the floor.

Yet not until liquor was supplied without licence was this obvious deathtrap closed.

Why? We should have thought it just as important to protect people against a massed fall to disaster as to protect them against liquor.

Humble pie

A new penalty has been invented by the Sheffield magistrates, and we imagine it will prove much more effective than any fine.

An uncouth fellow abused a tram conductor who told him he had passed his fare point and would have to pay another penny. He was ordered to pay costs and write an apology.

The magistrates suggested that if the apology were printed and placed in trams this offence would stop. It's certainly an idea that could be developed in many cases.

Her plight

For the sake of other women, we hope something will be done quickly for Mrs. Patricia Rose, who may never again live with her four children unless a special Act of Parliament is passed.

She won her appeal in the House of Lords against the divorce granted to her husband, but the Lords have no power to give her leave to reopen proceedings for restitution of conjugal rights.

Surely it wouldn't take long to right this wrong?

WRECKS of THE CHURCH

by ONE OF THEM

The clergy in council. When will they really do something to make the lot of the poor curate an easier one? Will they deliberate on the problem in their own organisation which is presented on this page?

I SUPPOSE I must be counted among the "wrecks of the Church," as the Bishop of London is reported to have recently referred to those members of the assistant clergy who marry too early and are in straitened financial circumstances.

As a married curate of the Church of England, with three children, I suppose I should regret having taken a wife—and, in truth, our position is sometimes such that bitterness might be warranted.

I seek no publicity, and the last thing I would desire would be for my case—which is typical of quite a few—to be singled out for particular sympathy.

I reveal the circumstances, therefore, of my present life as curate in a large city parish, strictly upon condition of my anonymity being preserved, and I only write this because I feel that I am speaking for a not inconsiderable number of devoted and hard-working men who may benefit by the details of their plight being made known to their fellow-countrymen.

I am now in my forties, and have had time to look back upon my married life and to sum up my personal contribution to that vexed question: Should curates marry? Or, perhaps we should put it more exactly; Should a curate, without private means and without any specially good prospects of immediate advancement, marry?

My stipend amounts to £275 annually. I have been in Holy Orders for 18 years. I am not, I realise, a particularly brilliant or gifted man, but I can—and do—perform an immense amount of work with fair ability.

My eldest child, a boy, is 14; my other two children are 12 and 10. Our parish includes a very poor area—practically a slum—a Council housing estate, and a patch of substantial middle-class residents.

Some of your readers will probably conclude that sympathy is wasted on a man who complains of poverty when in receipt of an income of about £5 per week, when there are millions of working people who get less. I am fully conscious of this fact, but must advance one point: a clergyman is not able to live like a working man. His parishioners would not let him.

First, I must have a house or a flat for my family of five. Even when I was an unmarried curate, with a stipend under £200 a year, I found my rent cost more than would that—let us say—of a solicitor's clerk receiving the same salary. He could live in a bed-sitting-room, but I had to have two rooms. Many of our parishioners would come to see me on various business connected with the church, or for advice and help, and I simply had to have a sitting-room where I could receive them.

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THE same is the case now; the children may be at their meal in our living-room when some poor soul comes to me for counsel or help of some kind, and I cannot drive them out. Therefore I must have a house with bedrooms, a living-room for the whole family, and some sort of room I can call my own—study, office or what you will.

Rent, then, amounts to 25s. weekly. Food for the five of us, and for the girl who comes in daily to assist my wife in housework, comes to somewhere round 35s. Then there is the girl's wage, and gas, coal and electricity for lighting. Incidentally, of course, I pay tax on my income. And then there are my contributions to a pension fund, and my subscriptions to various church publications.

I am still paying instalments on some furniture we bought a year ago, when we moved into this parish, and also am paying back a debt incurred when my wife was seriously ill recently.

Then there are the numerous activities of various parish societies, to which I feel myself impelled to subscribe, or to buy tickets.

You will begin to note that my weekly £5 is being seriously depleted.

Perhaps you will say that we should not afford the luxury of a daily domestic assistant. But my wife is engaged in a number of local church activities—a girls' club, the Girl Guides, a mothers' circle and other work. She could never find the time for all this if she were continually tied to the house. As it is, she gives considerable time to household duties as well.

Then there are school fees. I am a University man, and—perhaps you will think it snobbish, but I want my children to have as good an education as I had. I fear this will be impossible, but I want them to have as much as I can manage to give them.

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FORTUNATELY, there are several good schools which grant substantial reductions in their fees to the children of the clergy. But even then, sometimes I wonder how I am to enable my children to secure positions, for which a certain degree of educational attainment is necessary, unless, in the future, I am given a living which carries with it a fairly good income. And, at present, I fear there is no such prospect.

Perhaps I could live more simply, the reader will reflect—live as do many of my parishioners who have a smaller income than mine. I would have no objection to this, nor would my wife. I trust that my years of work among the poor have divested me of any false sense of superiority which I may have brought with me from my University.

But, as I have said before, my parishioners would be the first to object. Our middle-class people would comment among themselves. "Really, it's disgraceful the way Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So are living!" And I would lose, among them, a certain status, forcefulness, influence. It seems petty, perhaps, but, after all, they are good people—if somewhat limited—and generous supporters of church activities.

But not only would my more prosperous parishioners object, but our poorer people also. Here and there, a few might understand and approve; but most of them would feel puzzled and even a little hurt. For, to them, our adoption of this manner of life would smack of affectation. It is not "done," and the poor, I have found, are just as much sticklers for the regular order of things in these matters as are the well-to-do.

For similar reasons, I have to dress reasonably well. Clerical tailoring, for some reason, appears to cost more than the layman's. I cannot have people commenting, as I go about my duties, "What a fearful tramp poor Mr. So-and-So looks!" I wouldn't mind looking like anything on earth—I've never bothered about clothes——but my parishioners won't let me!

Another matter which weighs in the mind of the the married curate, without private means, is unemployment. Oh, yes, our profession is not immune from that widely spread social disease. It is not generally recognised that a curate's employment proceeds from the incumbent of his parish, and ceases with the death, retirement or departure of the incumbent.

Let us say that my vicar were to retire or to die. I should be without work automatically. The new incumbent would probably desire to bring his own curate with him, from a former parish; or to select a man whom he knows personally. Or it might be that my views and those of the new incumbent differed on various points.

This is fair enough: it would never do to saddle an in-coming vicar with a curate who was, in his opinion, incompetent.

But for me it would mean a period of unemployment, endeavouring to obtain a new curacy. And many parishes do not care for a married curate—usually because they cannot afford him: a younger, unmarried man receives a lower stipend. And parishes are not—for the most part—rich, these days.

Then there is sickness—the spectre that haunts the poor curate. Not long ago my wife was taken suddenly ill. The doctor came at night and advised immediate consultation with a specialist. And the specialist insisted on an immediate operation. The fees amounted to some £40. They would have been heavier had I not been a clergyman in reduced circumstances—the doctors were kind enough to make substantial reductions. But the debt is only partly liquidated.

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IT is true there are societies which do excellent work in assisting the poorer clergy in such circumstances, but they cannot aid all of us, and there may have been others in worse straits.

Illness and the future of one's children—these are the heaviest worries in our life.

Yet I am glad I took the step of marriage. I was a lonely man before. A young man from the South of England in a parish in a Northern city where I had no kin or friends. Working hard, eating irregularly, coming home with rain-soaked garments and shoes—and acquiring ferocious colds. Then my wife gave me a home and devoted care and companionship and help in my work.

I cannot look far forward into the future, I fear—from a material point of view—but I can look back and gratefully count the years of companionship and mutual endeavour and struggle, which have served to give courage and renewed hardihood to this particular "wreck of the Church."

The OLD BAILEY'S

A HUNDRED years of the Old Bailey, scene of more famous criminal trials than any other building in the world. What a tumult of dramatic memories will arise when it celebrates its centenary shortly!

The ghosts that will stalk among the guests at the feast of celebration that is planned. The flood of recollections grim and moving, bitter and sometimes sweet, that will assail a picturesque company that in itself will be a Cavalcade of Justice.

The dramas that will be discussed by judges who remember laying the foundations of their careers there as juniors in the far-off days, famous barristers who recall earning first recognition within its walls with a single speech, and white-haired court officials who for forty and fifty years have shepherded the procession of mixed humanity that has danced, limped, leaped and groped across its stage.

"I remember——" they will say. And *what* things they will remember.

But before we follow them into reminiscence let us look at the place of which they will dream—and speak.

"Hell's Acre"

It is a grey stone building that looks not half as frightening as its name. It looks a very new Old Bailey, but that newness is explained by the fact that it was rebuilt in 1907 largely out of the stones of the original building opened as the Central Criminal Courts on October 31, 1834.

Its one-acre site deserves the name of "Hell's Acre" more than any other part of London since, in its early days, prisoners awaiting execution had to pay to have their torturing manacles knocked off, or to be removed from unlit cells through which open sewers ran, and even for the water that could ease their parched tongues.

Above it, as you see it to-day, is a huge dome that would be thought gigantic if it were not dwarfed by the bigger dome of St. Paul's so near at hand. Over that, freshly gilded every few months so that it always looks like newly minted gold, is the figure of Justice, blindfolded, and with the scales of Justice in her hands.

And beneath . . .

Beneath we are in the famous No. 1 Court, biggest and most important of the four comprising the Old Bailey, in which the most important trials are always conducted.

See it as those birthday guests will see it.

The dock

The sword of Justice that hangs over the head of its presiding judge like the sword of Damocles, and which is moved to the Mansion House for safe keeping after every session, dominated the old No. 1 Court, too.

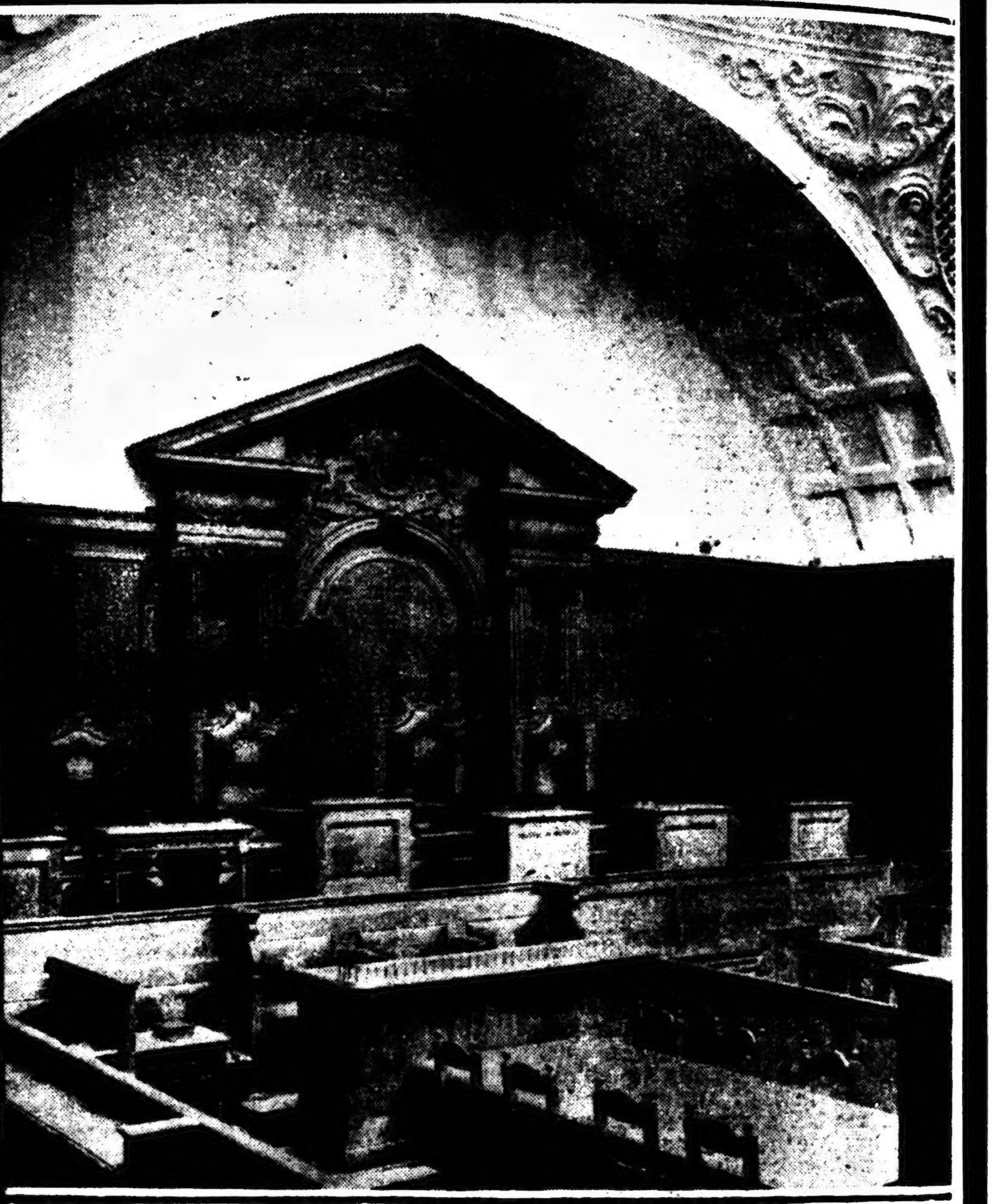
The stones of the Old Bailey's walls have been part of its history throughout a hundred years. So has the dock, with the swing door through which acquitted persons can walk straight into the arms of their friends in court the moment the words "Not guilty" ring out.

How wistfully generations of men who have all but lost hope have looked at that gate and prayed to hear the words that are its "Open, Sesame"!

Defied the Jury—Marshall Hall

A tragic memory—Herbert Austin

Found fame there—Curtis Bennett



No. 1 Court, Old Bailey

That dock . . .! The memories it will revive at this strange coming birthday party. . . .

"Brides-in-the-Bath" Smith is there now, known murderer of three wives while on honeymoon with them, and who is believed to have drowned six or eight of them in their bath in all—banging on the ledge and shouting "I don't care tuppence. You can't hang me!"

Now Seddon listening to the foreman say that the jury find him guilty of murdering Miss Borrow, a miser, for her gold, and smiling at the plan he has in mind.

Mr. Justice Bucknill is a Freemason. And Seddon is a Mason, too. What simpler than to make the Masonic sign the moment the judge dons the black cap—as a Mason's plea to a fellow-Mason for mercy, almost for sanctuary?

The sign passes, unseen to the great majority of people in the court. But the judge sees it, and a look of anguish comes into his face. His eyes fill with tears. The muscles of his face get out of control. Yet he stumbles on and on through the words prescribed by law, suffering perhaps as much as the prisoner in the dock in the process of doing it.

Now "Chicago May" is in the dock, one of the most infamous women crooks of all time. Her male accomplice screams out the most unutterable filth at Mr. Justice Darling as he sentences him to penal servitude for life, and May—probably for the first time in her life—*blushes*.

They pass more quickly now—these ghosts of the Old Bailey's past—and not always in chronological order.

Here is Crippen, watching Ethel Le Neve, who has shared his ordeal, leave the dock a free woman through that little gate, and then squaring up himself to receive sentence of death.

Marshall Hall, most famous of advocates, is looking on from the well of the court, feeling sure he could have saved him. He believes in this little bespectacled man whom all Britain execrates. He thinks he gave his wife hyoscine not to kill her, but to make her sleep so that he could bring his mistress to the house.

And, well: why wasn't he given the opportunity to save him?

It is common knowledge among the lawyers in court that he *was* offered the brief. He told Crippen that this was a possible way to freedom. And Crippen said "No"—said it, according to Marshall Hall, because such a defence would make it harder to clear the name of the woman in the dock with him.

"Hanged by the neck until you are dead . . ." murmurs the judge. And still in his heart of hearts Marshall Hall believes that that hated little man is dying for his chivalry!

Now the little gate opens to allow Madame Fahmy, the beautiful English girl accused of murdering her Egyptian prince-husband in a sumptuous West-End hotel, to walk through to freedom.

To the Gallows . . .

And now Ronald True swaggers the other way—the way that leads to the gallows—little realising that it would lead to Broadmoor and a life of comparative comfort instead, to the anger of multitudes.

Mrs. Thompson and Bywaters, the murderers of the woman's husband. . . . Robinson, who murdered Minnie Bonati. . . . Harold Mason, perpetrator of the Brixton taxicab murder. . . . Colonel Rutherford. . . . Stinie Morison . . . the gloating face of Louis Voisin, the French butcher who killed a girl, cut her up with a butcher's precision and stacked her body in a Soho garage.

And all the time, between murderers, such people as Monte Carlo Wells, Lorang, Hatry, Bevan, Farrow, and Orton, the Tichborne impostor.

On and on they go, rich and poor, peer and commoner—all brought to

BIRTHDAY PARTY

The Hundred-Years DRAMA behind it

Crippen—one man believed in him

Clarence Hatry: Juggler in millions

Francis Lorang, "Bluebird" swindler

Walked to freedom—Madame Fahmy

a common level within the clutches of the law.

Who is this beautiful girl in the dock? Kitty Byron, they say, is her name. And they allege that she killed her lover, a man famous on the Stock Exchange, under circumstances which would make the French public call it a crime of passion.

Mr. Justice Darling tells the jury they must find a verdict on the evidence and not let sentiment interfere with their verdict. Verdict, yes; but there is such a thing as recommendation to mercy.

See his arm go out towards her. Notice his look of great compassion. And hear the note in his voice when, telling them about that prerogative of mercy, he adds: "And God knows she needs it!"

No need to take that farcical sentence of death seriously. That recommendation to mercy is forthcoming. The death sentence will never be imposed.

She is followed by two people who might not be human beings at all, but animals. Their names are Milsom and Fowler. The court is told that they murdered in his house at Muswell Hill a well-to-do old recluse.

Milsom, "ratting," as the criminal says in describing the betrayal of an accomplice, says that Fowler did the murder while he waited outside. A look of demoniacal fury passes over Fowler's face.

Now—just after the judge has summed up—watch Fowler leaning over the front of the dock as if to speak to counsel, and see how disarmed the warders round have become in consequence. See the warder who stands between the two men concentrate his gaze on the court when he ought to ——

Quick, man, quick! Fowler is rushing at his fellow-prisoner with his great bear-like arms outstretched and his hands clutching and unclutching in frenzy. His fury, his tremendous strength, the animal-like bellowing that chokes from his throat, are such that it is clear he will kill as easily as any hangman if he can but reach his objective.

Was there ever such a sight in the Old Bailey before?

Fowler hurls round the dock with four warders clinging to him, ever within an inch of the throat of the man he would kill. Helpers go rushing to the dock from all quarters. And not until the maniacal half-bear, half man is borne down under sheer weight of numbers can he be subdued.

That summing up did it. It told them all they wanted to know of the ordeal immediately ahead, and of the scaffold in the background.

Last laugh

We see other such terrible scenes.

Edgar Edwards, who answered the advertisement of a Camberwell family that wanted to sell a shop and then, so that he could take over the business, murdered husband, wife and baby and buried them in the garden, is responsible for one.

"Get it over, get it over," he shouts when the jury return. Then: "Come on, come on; get over with it," he adds when they find he is guilty.

The judge dons the black cap. "That's all right," Edwards yells. "Get on with it. Get along!"

But a dreadful change comes over him when the words of sentence are uttered. His mood veers from frenzy to grinning defiance. And his words then must surely be the strangest ever uttered under such dreadful circumstances.

"Hanged by the neck?" he jeered. "All I have to say to that is, Ha, ha!"

The mock of laughter, in the dock, with the dreaded black cap askew on the judge's head. Has any dock other than that of No. 1 Court, Old Bailey, known such a scene?

Almost as terrible the desperate efforts of two men, Donovan and Wade, who have been found guilty of the murder of Miss Farmer at her tobacconist's shop in Commercial Road, to climb the rail of the dock and exact vengeance on the judge.

But more frightening by far the scene when two brothers named Reubens—both White Slave traffickers—are sentenced to death for the murder of a sailor brought home by one of the women they exploited.

"Guilty," says the foreman of the jury. Whereupon two screams come from the frenzied prisoners.

Two brothers

One sinks on his knees in the middle of the dock with his hands outstretched, shrieking, "Mercy! Mercy! Oh, won't you have mercy?" The other yells and screams so frantically that for the first time an Old Bailey prisoner can be heard in the street. But it avails nothing—they are carried away to die on the gallows, still crying and gesticulating for the mercy it is now beyond the power of any man in that court to show.

And yet more dramatic, more unforgettable than any of these things, a mere glance—the look of withering scorn of a man who has to die while a brother is acquitted.

They are the Wainwrights, Henry and Thomas. Both are in the dock charged with the murder of Henry's mistress. Henry says Thomas did it, and that he, personally, is innocent. But the jury returns with an acquittal for Thomas and, in the case of his brother, a verdict that could only mean ignominious death at the hands of the hangman.

Two brothers part in the dock, for one liberty, for the other the gallows. Henry, pausing at the top of the stairs that lead down to the cells—in fact, on the very threshold of eternity—pauses to look back on that brother who has been freed.

Just a glance. A mere fleeting thing that was soon over. Yet no actor has ever reached greater heights of loathing and contempt.

And so the procession goes on.

There is the woman who murdered the wife and baby of the man who had jilted her a few years ago. There is the German—Muller—who flung a Mr. Briggs out of a Fenchurch-street-bound train. Murderers whom the public remember, murderers whom they have long since forgotten, all passing through the dock of No. 1 Court in shadow form, as they did in reality in their day.

All these things will be recalled at the Old Bailey's hundredth birthday party. And much more besides.

The oldest among these sages of the law who saw the sentences of these old-time criminals will talk of the burial ground in which most of them were laid—"Dead Men's Walk," a gloomy passage from the court itself to the prison. Beneath the paving stones, with nothing more than one single initial cut on the wall as their tombstone.

Guests at the curious party will speak of some of the torturing scenes in that large hall in which the relatives of prisoners wait—"The Hall of Shrieks" it was once called.

They will recall how a barrister in this Court No. 1 once threw an inkpot at Mr. Justice Avory, to be disbarred, and who cast away his whole career in consequence; of the juryman who disappeared in the middle of an important case because he had only turned up with a shilling and thought he would have to pay for the big lunch put before him; of the juryman who died in bringing in a verdict; and of the Lord Chief Justice who once sat with a travelling-rug round him to shame the authorities into curing a draught.

They will remember the tragic death there of Sir Herbert Austin, for forty-five years Clerk of Arraigns, and how judges had the greatest difficulty in staying their tears when announcing the news to four courts filled with people standing in homage to his memory.

They will argue about one thing. They will advance their different theories about it. They have never known who throughout the lifetime of Sir Henry Dickens, sent in the posy of flowers that was always found beside him on the bench. He could never find out. When he died he did not know.

Jury defied

Every judge at the Old Bailey is provided with sweet herbs, of course. That is to protect him against smells that no longer exist. But for the son of the great novelist there were always both herbs and flowers.

Finally, they at the birthday party will talk of the many great lawyers who made their names at the Old Bailey—Avory, Matthews, Bodkin, Muir, Humphreys, Curtis Bennett, Percival Clarke, and many more, not forgetting, of course, Marshall Hall. And they will remember, some of them, the early flashes as juniors that showed the promise of what was to come, and then the speeches that first earned them attention.

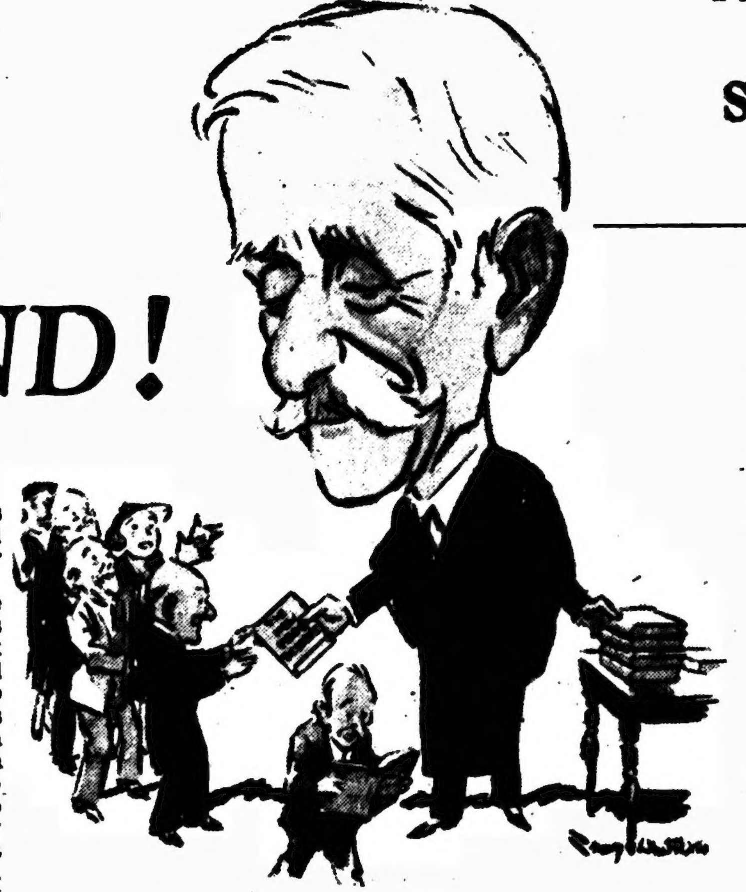
Particularly will they recall Sir Edward Marshall Hall's most famous passage of all in a speech to the jury: "You can't hang a man on evidence like that. I defy you to do it. I defy you. I don't ask for your verdict of 'Not guilty.' I demand it." That memory of No. 1 Court of the Old Bailey will never die while one man is left who heard it, and saw the acquittal that resulted.

Yes, the history of the Old Bailey will unfold once again at that centenary party—and in the words of the people who did most to make it.

And what a history it has been.

You make SCIENCE our FRIEND!

An Open Letter TO SIR FREDERICK HOPKINS



DEAR SIR FREDERICK,—A gold medal more or less—even the Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts, which men like Faraday and Lister, Kelvin, Edison and Sir Oliver Lodge have been proud to own—can add but little to your high reputation as a great scientist and the world's foremost authority on diet.

All the same, I am glad this latest honour nas been bestowed upon you, even if it is only to remind us once again of the wonderful work you are doing for humanity.

To most of us you are best known as "the man who discovered Vitamins."

That discovery was not made in a day. It did not come to you in a sudden vision under the microscope. It was the result of knowledge won gradually from a lifetime's study of diet and food values.

* * *

Not many men are privileged to enrich the language with a new word; fewer still to open up a new line of thought. And yet it is thanks to you, Sir Frederick, that all of us are now aware that our bodies cannot remain healthy unless they are supplied with a minimum number and a suitable mixture of vitamins.

The whole science of dietetics has been floodlit by your researches. Waste has been reduced. We know now that mere quantity and bulk of food do not ensure good nourishment. You have provided us with a standard of value. And the experts can now blend our foods as accurately as the engineers blend the fuel for their engines.

Perhaps the measurements made by some folk following your lead have been *too* accurate. Perhaps the human machine can never become so standardised as to function perfectly on the perfect scientific minimum. The vitamins may be copious and varied in porridge and cheese and bran and nuts, and yet the unscientific stomach will yearn for a beefsteak and a glass of beer.

But you have always made allowance for the human equation. You have never made the mistake of thinking that the humble housewife can turn her kitchen into a laboratory. Your great ambition is to see that that kitchen is adequately supplied.

* * *

No man has sought the limelight less than yourself. You are essentially a scholar and research worker, and I know that even now any public appearance is something of an ordeal to you. But you did not hesitate to preside at the first public meeting of the Committee Against Malnutrition.

And you—the discoverer of vitamins, the precise laboratory worker—declared in simple language that "it is the outstanding duty of the nation to see that all sections of the community are properly nourished."

You know that we are failing in that duty to-day.

You have championed the cause of the very poor. You have, in a sense, forsaken your charts and scrapped your diagrams.

And you have lent your great authority to this committee which faces the shameful fact that thousands of men, women and children are being under-nourished in this land of plenty.

I think of you as our First Trustee of the Miracles of Science, because you have yourself accepted that trust. Science, you admitted, has given us "the repetition of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. But the loaves and fishes are not being fed to the multitude."

That is terribly true. They have fallen into the hands of many unjust or indifferent stewards. And I see in you the first great scientist who has realised, and proclaimed, that the mere pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is not enough.

As president of the Royal Society, you can scarcely achieve any greater scientific eminence. As chairman of the joint committee of the Ministry of Health and the British Medical Association, you have been doing all that one man can do to use your expert knowledge for the benefit of the community.

* * *

Some people misunderstood your committee's report on the "bare necessities" of diet. They did not realise that it referred only to big institutional schemes and had no bearing upon the pitifully meagre diet of the unemployed.

Now all of us, however little we may know of vitamins and calories, know that our foremost scientist, unswayed by any political influence, condemns the underfeeding of masses of our people.

From you has come the suggestion for a "House of Wisdom"—a council of scientific experts which might guide and even control Governments in social-scientific problems.

We need wise men to distribute the "gifts of the Magi." We need scientists, with human and understanding hearts, to teach us to use their discoveries. We need, as you have told us, to harness the power of science to the common needs of mankind, to make science our friend, and not our foe.

Were it possible to create that "House of Wisdom" without delay, I know no man, Sir Frederick, better fitted than yourself to be its first leader. And I could wish for no finer culmination to your career as scientist and humanitarian.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON,
County Hall, London

DEAR HERBERT,—I think you have set a good example by cutting out costly banqueting and entertaining from the London County Council.

Too many posts in public life are closed to poor men because they cannot afford to dispense hospitality on a grand scale. Nor is there any reason why a man should be expected to empty his pockets to meet public costs.

Besides, elaborate public functions are nauseating while there is such widespread distress.

JOHN BULL.

ALEXANDRA ROSE COMMITTEE,
Reading

GENTLEMEN,—One of your collectors, a man of seventy-three, has had to pay 23s. for stealing a marked sixpence.

He was an old lag, you were warned by the police that his conduct on previous flag days had been suspicious, yet you appointed him.

Had you forgotten that it is wrong to lead people into temptation? I think you should pay the old man's fine.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. WOMERSLEY, M.P.: Next time we go to negotiate trade agreements you hope we shall send business men as well as politicians. Good! But why send politicians at all?—JOHN BULL.

Rev. G. W. ARNOLD,
Whitehaven

DEAR VICAR,—I'm afraid I am just amused by the "considerable worry and concern" you feel at the local Naval Week.

You think the visit of the sailors will have a bad moral effect; parishioners, you say, are frightened for the safety of their daughters!

You complain, too, that "sailors have a fascination that is hard to resist." And this provides a clue to your real trouble; you've been taking popular songs too seriously.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CECIL H. WILSON,
Sheffield Licensing Bench

DEAR SIR,—"No singer or artist shall appear in undesirable costume," will be a condition imposed on licensed houses. Well, who will you appoint as judge?

Magistrates object to men in open-necked shirts, prudes dislike hikers' shorts—in fact, nearly every costume is thought "undesirable" by someone.

Mrs. Grundy should have the time of her life in Sheffield.

JOHN BULL.

WEMYSS ALLAN,
Kirkaldy

ALLAN,—There are some men who should not have children. You are one.

For you starved and ill-treated your one-year-old child, squandering your money on drink.

I doubt if two months in prison will make a fit parent of you, but I hope it will prove long enough to teach you a lesson.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PERCY H. CLARKE,
Chairman, Wimbledon Bench

YOUR WORSHIP,—Congratulations to you and your colleagues.

Faced with thirty cases of disobeying traffic lights in a certain street in one day, and knowing that 200 more cases of the kind were coming on, you preferred to believe that something was wrong with the position of the lights.

And why not? Massed disobedience is not a trait of the British character.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor GEORGE DUNCAN,
Aberdeen

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—As you say, if every landlord ordered his tenants—as your council did—to dispose of their household pets or get out, every dog and cat in the country would be banished at one fell swoop.

Having thus shown the absurdity of the ban, you managed to get it suspended. Carry on and get it abolished.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. E. S. GOODWOOD,
Coroner, South East Cornwall

DEAR DOCTOR,—Two more visitors have been drowned at Whitsand Bay owing to the strong undercurrent.

The St. John Ambulance Brigade watches the place, but rescues are practically impossible, and you think the local authority should protect the public by putting up warning notices.

Of course, it should! Its neglect to do so is deserving of the gravest censure.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. KENNETH CLARKE,
Director, National Gallery

DEAR SIR,—Hoardings are the people's picture gallery, it has been said, and I'm glad to hear this truth emphasised by so distinguished an authority as yourself.

When you opened the exhibition of "pictures in advertising," organised by Messrs. Shell Mex and B.P., Ltd., you described it as "magnificent proof that the art of painting and the art of patronage are not dead," and I agree.

It would be a poorer world without our posters—not only for many fine artists but for the whole public.

JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCIL,
Bolton

GENTLEMEN,—Don't tell local Catholics to mind their own business because they have criticised the offer of £1,600 a year salary, rising to £2,000, for a new town clerk.

If, as they say, the last town clerk worked himself to death, it wouldn't be amiss to pay part of that salary to an assistant.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. EDITH LYON,
Plymouth

WOMAN,—Stealing from the public's contributions to a charity, you and your sister, a girl twenty years of age, have been fined £5 each.

Yours is a very mean act, the worse because your partner in this was your unmarried younger sister.

Your penalty should have been heavier.

JOHN BULL.

JUDGE CRAWFORD,
Romford County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—A London doctor, called as a witness to your court, was kept waiting for over six hours. For that he got only a guinea, and actually he had no evidence to give!

"I wish solicitors would use more brains in cases of this sort," you exclaimed. So do we all!

JOHN BULL.

Have they the RIGHT to DIE?

Sir Buckston Browne. He wishes to "accord the boon of painless death"

by
A. G. Gardiner

THERE is no question more difficult and perplexing than that which Sir Buckston Browne raised the other day in his address before the Harveian Society. It is the question of the lethal chamber. Has the individual the right to die if he wishes to die? Has society the right to kill in the interests of its collective well-being?

Sir Buckston Browne answers both questions in the affirmative. He looks forward to a time when the medical profession will have "the power of sentencing to death those who are not fit to live, from disease or crime, and of granting permits to the old and worn-out who wish to go to the lethal chamber."

Human sacrifice

There is no doubt that a change has come over the attitude of the public mind on these questions. The "sacredness of human life" has assumed different meanings from those which attached to it a generation ago.

The war familiarised us with death in its most violent and wholesale forms, and the Age of Speed, with all its inevitable risks in the air and on land, has accustomed us to think of death in a manner which would have been inconceivable to the previous generation.

Is it conceivable, for example, that the Victorian world would have tolerated the slaughter of 7,000 people on the highways of England every year with the indifference with which we accept that vast human sacrifice to the interests of speed?

We think much more lightly of death than we did, and, as to the right to kill, even so good a Christian as Dean Inge has cheerfully predicted that society will exercise that right much more freely in the future than it does now.

The two questions—the right to die and the right to kill—must not be confused.

They raise two entirely different moral issues. In the one case it is a personal affair, in the other it is a social act of far-reaching gravity.

Different laws

The attitude towards suicide varies with time and latitude. In the ancient world suicide implied no disgrace. It was indeed regarded as an honourable and even praiseworthy acceptance of failure.

Brutus fell on the point of his sword after his defeat at Phillippi and Cato stabbed himself after his defeat at Thapsus, and the act in each case was held to be the fitting crown of a virtuous life.

Even in this island, and in the present day, there is a wide disparity in the law on suicide. In England the attempt on one's own life is a legal offence but in Scotland it is only punishable if it is a breach of the peace.

Trivial surrender

Not very long ago Sheriff Bullingall at Rothesay, in trying a man who had attempted to take his life, said: "If the accused wanted to put an end to his existence, no one had a right to object so long as he did it in a decent manner. But he had no right to shock the community."

The man was punished, not because he had done wrong, but because he had done wrong in circumstances which gave distress to others.

I should deplore the adoption of the Scottish view in England. I should deplore it because it would encourage the notion that life is a negligible thing that can be lightly and trivially surrendered.

Most suicides are the result of temporary moods or temporary difficulties that will yield to courage, to time, and to treatment. The London girl who committed suicide not long ago because she had lost a bag containing £100 belonging to her employers had only been dead an hour or two when the bag and its contents were discovered.

Many of us have moments in which we would willingly be dead; but we know that the moments will pass and that we shall be glad again that we are alive to enjoy the sun and the pleasure of this tiresome but infinitely agreeable world.

The duty of the law is to emphasise the worth of life, not to encourage its surrender, and it can only do that by insisting that self-destruction is a crime, to attempt which is a punishable offence.

The crux of the question raised by Sir Buckston Browne, however, relates to another phase of the right to die. It is the case of those whom incurable disease has condemned to hopeless agony.

There is a widespread sentiment in the public mind that in these circumstances the right should be admitted and exercised, and not long ago Dr. Millard, of Leicester, then President of the Society of Medical Officers of Health, prepared a Bill to legalise "easy death" in the case of incurable patients.

"Easy death" peril

"When are we going to have a law that will allow the medical profession in cases like mine, and at the patient's request, to put him painlessly to sleep?" wrote a recent sufferer from cancer, who had shot himself at Hastings. "Surely it is a funny world that grants relief to animals and vermin and refuses it to mankind."

The difficulty of legitimising "easy death" is the peril of its abuse.

Dr. Millard proposed that the patient should obtain leave to die under medical certificate, and strict official regulations which would ensure an independent witness of authority to his sincere desire for death.

But many sufferers in a time of acute suffering are not in a condition to give a settled judgment whether they wish to live or die, and the real onus would inevitably rest on the doctor. In any case, the exercise of the right to die would have to be safeguarded by the strictest precautions against abuse. Given those precautions, there are multitudes of cases in which "easy death" would be a humane and desirable relief not only to the patient, but to those who suffer with him.

There is one reform, at least, which it is a plain duty to institute.

We have happily got rid of the barbarous verdict of *felo de se* with its corollary of midnight burial in unconsecrated ground.

Cruel verdict

But the customary verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind" is only less cruel and unjust. It casts a shadow on the living which is distressing and even primitive, and which, in the case of those who are driven to suicide by acute physical suffering, is wholly unwarranted.

A verdict of "unsound mind" in the case I have mentioned from Hastings is plainly a verdict in defiance of the facts. Coroners should be instructed to discontinue a formula which throws suspicion on the sanity of the living.

Sir Buckston Browne urges that a sufficiently responsible council, composed both of doctors and lawyers, should be authorised to "accord the boon of painless death" in certain cases. It is not possible to dispute the gravity of Sir Buckston's case, and it may be that the more realistic world in which we live is moving towards the lethal chamber idea.

It is not a pleasant idea. It runs counter to the whole humanitarian current of our civilisation, and if necessity compels us to adopt it it will only be when the public are satisfied that a council has been invented that can be entrusted with so tremendous a power as the right to kill.

Not from the B.B.C.—A Suburban Father urges—

Do It for DAD!

WHEN it's Father's Day
In the U.S.A.
Each dutiful lass and lad
Is made to feel,
Through a mass appeal,
The love that is due to Dad.

To their great surprise,
Choice socks and ties,
And razors and fat cigars
And greetings galore
For that one day pour
In shoals on the nation's pa's!

If Dad has his day
In the U.S.A.,
Why shouldn't he have one here,
Where he counts for nix
For three hundred and six-
Ty-five days of the weary year?

* * *

Since this country has adopted many American notions of doubtful desirability, it might do worse than take a leaf out of Uncle Sam's book by instituting an annual Father's Day.

For years America's great heart has palpitated on Mother's Day, and it is typical of poor old father's place in the scheme of things that it was not until this month that he, too, was allotted a day.

And even then the gesture would seem to have been inspired less by spontaneous affection than by business calculation, it having been suddenly borne in upon telegraph companies and others that filial love, if efficiently organised, might be made to pay. Thus the Western Union Company was able to induce 100,000 temporarily adoring sons to send 100,000 standardised telegrams to "the best dad a boy ever had," while 200,000 tobacconists proclaimed as one man: "Dad would like a box of cigars."

* * *

Well, even mass-produced affection is better than nothing, and the B.B.C. having lately given anonymous housewives and mothers a chance to say their say, the J.B.B.C. has decided that a mere father should also be allowed the freedom of the wireless waves.

As a father, I trust I know my place, and so I do not ask for a leather medal in recognition of my noble behaviour in paying the butcher, baker and bathing-gown maker and finding the needful for spring hats, holidays and sundries.

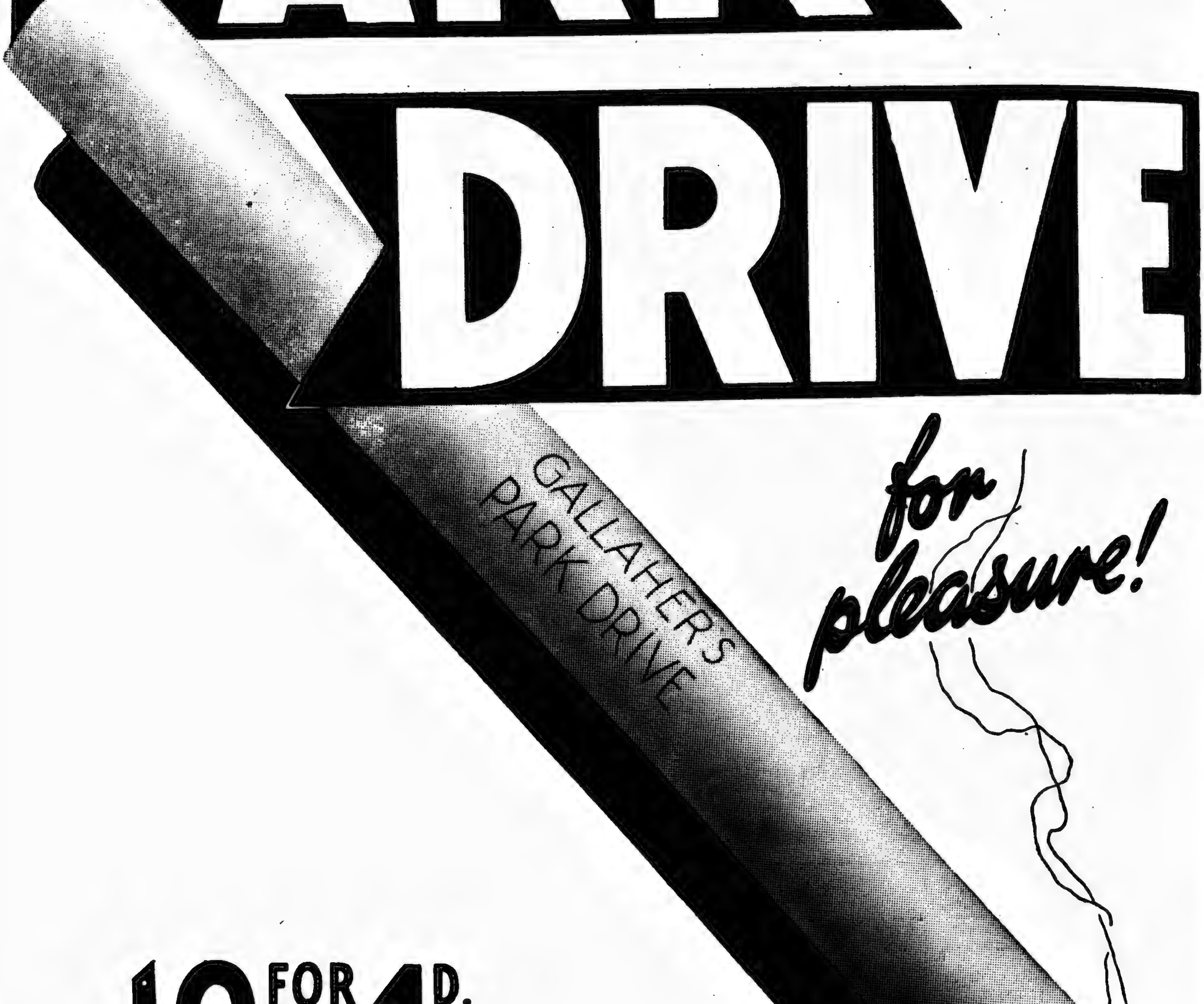
But if one day a year were dedicated to my glory I should not complain, even if it involved the risk of receiving Santa Claus cigars and neckties calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of masculine modesty.

But in hoping for such recognition, we boys of the Old Pots' Brigade hope a vain thing, for father does not inspire the sentimentality lavished by song-writers and film-producers on mother.

Mother's grey hair, even if touched with henna, is considered more suitable for sob story purposes than father's bald head; so I fear our portion must continue to be neglect—a neglect made painfully manifest at the very moment when we are promoted to fatherhood:

Announcements of births often mention:
"Both mother and child doing well,"
But, with a most pointed abstention,
Of dad's state no word do they tell!
While vocalists warble the praises
Of mother, no one has a shot
At stringing together some phrases
To please the old pot!

He may perhaps think this a pity,
And may at odd moments repine
That no one has written a ditty,
"That Old-Fashioned Father of Mine";
But though all the sob sisters snub him,
He manfully tries not to grouse—
And smiles a wry smile when they dub him
The "head of the house"!


GALLAHER'S
PARK DRIVE

PARK
DRIVE

for pleasure!

10 FOR 4D.
PLAIN OR CORK TIP

ALSO IN CARTONS OF 5 FOR 2D.

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Bournemouth, where this spurious duke is prowling in search of people with money to invest in his fanciful schemes

A DUD DUKE on the Prowl

made by this persuasive individual in connection with the "Verelst Trust." He produced a typescript prospectus of this supposed fund, and induced shopkeepers to invest savings with him.

Again he was full of assurances of the splendid returns which would be the reward of anyone who became a trust investor. The "Verelst Trust," he affirmed, was a limited company, and was to be registered at Somerset House.

The stories he told were remarkable. For example, he pretended to show a receipt for £1,500 money paid by him as part of the purchase price of an old factory and mills at Poole, Dorset.

He had bought this place—so the yarn went—for £7,500. The premises were to be demolished; the bricks cleaned and resold with an ultimate profit of at least £2,000 on the transaction.

Enquiries by JOHN BULL prove that this property-purchase at Poole was entirely a figment of Verelst's imagination.

The owners never agreed to enter into a deal with him. Indeed, they decided that the man was an irresponsible and rather dangerous "twister" after they discovered that a reference he gave in Antwerp was to a firm and to an address which did not exist.

Such unaccountable untruths are, apparently, a curious part of the Verelst conception, for on another occasion, when trying to influence a Bournemouth estate agent to carry through mortgages for him, Verelst stated that he was a director and extensive shareholder in a prominent Leeds firm.

£750,000 company

An absurd misstatement, for the Leeds company when confirmation was requested replied that Verelst was in no way connected with them, and that the concern was a family one, all the shares being held by the three directors.

Before he chose Bournemouth as a hunting ground Verelst was trying to foster a scheme for a chain of a hundred radio-service stores throughout the country. He began his operations in Eastbourne, and extended them to Cambridge and London.

His idea was to form a company with a capital of no less than £750,000, and he declared that he had secured a contract for the underwriting of this three-quarters of a million.

From an Eastbourne business man, whom he deluded with his stories, Verelst secured free hotel keep in London and loans to the extent of about £50.

During this period he approached the head of a firm of shopfitters in London with proposals for the construction of the first thirty of his wireless stores.

Estimates and specifications were drawn up, and while negotiations were in progress Verelst was entertained by the people with whom he was discussing business

Yet this man, who was suggesting a deal involving £750,000 had to borrow money in order to get his dress clothes and an extraordinary long black evening cloak lined with scarlet satin out of pawn.

When the negotiations for the construction of the radio stores had been carried to the point of a definite agreement which it was necessary for him to sign Verelst faded out of the picture, and the shopfitting firm heard no more of him.

At the same time his Eastbourne backer withdrew the guarantee to meet Verelst's hotel expenses, and refused to advance him any more money. And so his £750,000 company promotion effort dissolved into thin air.

Frankly, the man Verelst is an arrant and harmful humbug, who lives as best he can on his wits.

The dukedom he claims is entirely a bogus one, for no such Belgian title exists or is recognised. The same with his barony.

By earlier occupation he was a piano tuner. At the present time he is an undischarged bankrupt.

It has been our duty to unmask this fictitious duke once before in the columns of JOHN BULL.

That was some years ago, when this same J. Wilson-Verelst was engaged in theatrical ventures His reputation then was undesirable, for he engaged a revue company for touring and left the players stranded in a Yorkshire town without salary.

The members of the company—the revue was appropriately named "Sharps and Flats"—arrived at the town in which they were to produce the show only to discover that Verelst had not even the money to provide scenery or costumes.

Stage failures

Another of his companies, "Gipsy Dream," never materialised beyond the rehearsal stage, and salary claims made against Verelst under engagement agreements were never met.

In addition, about this time he obtained money from a theatrical proprietor for a stage invention which proved to be a complete failure.

Because of the record and conduct of this self-styled "Duke de Hann," the people in Bournemouth, or any other town that he may next disfavour with his presence, should have absolutely no business connection whatever with him.

Really, the sooner he decides to leave England and return to his native Belgium the better.

Otherwise he may find himself in an unfortunate position.

His Routine Search

HE was a housebreaker of the sneak-thief type. He watched a family go out and then, producing a table-knife, opened their window with the only bit of skill he had bothered to acquire in life.

A few minutes later he was making off with all he could carry—little treasures to which years of ardent collecting had gone, but for which the "fence" would pay very little.

It was a serious thing for the Kentish family involved, this sacking of their home.

For one thing, they could ill-afford the loss. For another, it has created a fear in the housewife which may never disappear.

"This place isn't the same since," her husband writes to JOHN BULL, telling us that it has become a routine for him to search the house before his wife can make herself at home and dare not take off her coat and hat on her return from a shopping expedition until somebody has been found who is willing to make such a search.

The one bright feature in this little tragedy is the help we were able—and happy—to give.

• • •

Really the husband had himself to thank for this assistance.

He had qualified for it because he had taken the precaution of signing the form which you can sign now on page 35, and which will give you in consequence, at no cost to yourself, the wide protection of JOHN BULL's unique insurance scheme.

But he lost no time in sitting down and writing to us:

"I thank you for your cheque in settlement of my claim . . the courtesy you have shown . . . the trouble you have taken Your correspondence will be an eye-opener to some friends of mine whom I hope to enrol."

DON'T HESITATE

to secure the *Universal Home Lawyer*, JOHN BULL's great 25s. Birthday Celebration Volume, Free—one for you and one for your friend—you must act at once. Turn to pages 2 and 3 right away.

Why do women prefer Woodpecker Cider?

WOODPECKER CIDER

Another
50 Silver Cider Tankards FREE! ★

Recent Bulmer Competitions have brought thousands of replies from the womenfolk. This suggests to me that you might like to hear these expressions of the woman's point of view. Women enjoy this light sparkling wine of the apple, because of its balanced medium-sweet flavour, and they tell me that a glass of Woodpecker twice a day is a pleasant and effective alternative to dieting. The slimming properties of genuine cider are well known. It also tones the system, brightens the eye and clears the complexion. This is not surprising when you reflect that you drink over a lb. of apples in every pint of Woodpecker Cider. I have already distributed 150 solid silver tankards since April; fifty in each of three competitions. Here is a Fourth Competition, and this time confined to women. Tell me on a p.c. why Woodpecker is such a favourite with the ladies. For the best replies I will distribute 50 Silver Tankards free.

★ *All you have to do is to write on a post-card why, in your opinion, do women prefer Woodpecker Cider. Post to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. C3, Cider Makers, Hereford, so as to reach us not later than July 10, 1934. No correspondence can be entered into and Mr Bulmer's 50 awards must be regarded as final. Results will be published in "John Bull" on July 21, 1934.*

E. Bulmer

TESTED JB

PLEASE REPLACE STOPPER
BULMER'S
BOTTLED AT HEREFORD BY H.P. BULMER & CO LTD
WOODPECKER CIDER

BULMER'S WOODPECKER
THE COUNTRY CIDER THAT HAS COME TO TOWN!

The screw stoppered bottle is convenient and economical

10½d a flagon

(In England and Wales only, 1/- in Scotland) H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., CIDER MAKERS, HEREFORD

royds 408a

GOLD Brick Trick

A VERY old but ingenious fraud, which was practised very successfully more than twenty years ago, has latterly been revived with variations on a scale which calls for immediate publicity.

There has come into the possession of JOHN BULL some astonishing information that enables us to reveal the complete story of this reincarnated swindle.

The amazing thing about it is that the people who live in luxury from its exploitation, and whose victims are all on this side of the Atlantic, rarely come into this country in person, but conduct the whole scheme by post!

In some cases they have even induced their dupes to travel thousands of miles to see them!

Big losses

During the past few months numerous complaints have been lodged at Scotland Yard, and at police headquarters elsewhere, by victims who, in some cases, have been defrauded of several thousands of pounds in almost incredible circumstances.

The difficulty with which the authorities are faced in bringing the offenders to book is not only due to the fact that the Atlantic separates them from their dupes, but that in most instances the offences concerned are not extraditable, and money would be thrown away in the endeavour to have justice done!

A typical case is that of a Taunton man, who had been appointed the executor of the estate of a man whose brother settled in Idaho many years ago, and had never returned to his homeland, even for a holiday.

The Taunton reader knew that his interests in America had grown very important as time passed, and one day he was surprised to receive a letter, written on the notepaper of the Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, from a well-informed person who signed himself "James Edward Spencer."

The letter was addressed to the deceased man, and its opening paragraph contained the information that his brother, Thomas, was very ill, and had been ordered to give up all active work if he wished to live.

Intimate letter

When he read the letter further the Taunton executor concluded that the writer was not aware of his late client's death—a very natural conclusion to arrive at in view of the fact that the brothers had not been in touch with each other regularly for some little time.

The letter, in fact, was dated some days before the actual death.

Spencer claimed to be a close business friend of the brother in America, and confided that the latter had asked him to get in touch with his Taunton relative to urge him to leave for America at the earliest moment for his brother's side.

Spencer's letter was written in the most intimate terms, and completely deceived the executor, whose natural duty it was to deal with it.

"We are still in the Robbins Mining District of Idaho," it ran, "and have now discovered and located the richest gold quartz veins I have ever seen. . . . Thomas has declared by deed that you are in with him, on a share-and-share-alike basis, owing his success to your financial help in earlier days. . . ."

Apparently the richest mine, which had been named in honour of the Taunton relative, would alone make tremendous fortunes; all Spencer's energies had been expended on it, and driving tunnels, sinking shafts and "stripping" appliances were now in excellent working order there.

His story was a most impressive one.

Across the Atlantic there gleamed a dazzling spectacle of gold. But in the end it was found to be only a mirage

Revival of a Heartless Fraud on Bereaved

So rich was the vein that it would, on the infallible advice of experts, keep a "five-stamp mill running day and night for years."

Already a considerable amount of gold had been discovered, and Mr. Spencer even described how the miners who worked for him and "your brother in this great venture store our richest rock in cross-cuts and underground drifts to crush with an arrastra of our own construction. . . . The low-grade ore is thrown on a dump to be handled by more modern machinery."

The Taunton man was naturally interested when he read that the ore was so rich in quality that 30 to 40 ounces of gold, valued at £4 an ounce, had been knocked out in a single day with an ordinary hand-hammer.

"And," added James Edward Spencer of Niagara, "I have in my possession just now over two hundred pounds of it, which I am instructed to deliver to you."

Thus was the scheme unfolded. The brother, while lying so ill, had arranged with Mr. Spencer to hand over this cargo of gold to the Taunton man for sale in London (where the best prices could be obtained), and out of the proceeds half was to be remitted to his account and the remainder to the brother's.

At first Mr. Spencer had proposed to journey to England himself with his precious charge, but, in view of the fact that the interests of the mines had to be so closely safeguarded, had thought it best in the circumstances to get the Taunton client to go out to New York.

Sensation

"You can watch your own interests here, too," he added, "and I should advise you to let me take some trustworthy person back to the mines with me to look after them for you when you have gone back to England again."

Before his letter ended Mr. Spencer struck a note of grave warning. "Don't talk about it," he said. "Be very cautious. . . . You can have no idea the sensation and stir which our find will cause in *The Mining World* when it becomes known."

And if the Taunton man was unable to travel out to America soon himself, Mr. Spencer advised him to send a trusted representative in his stead, cautioned as above!

So the executor sent a cable to Spencer informing him of the brother's death, and, in response to a further cable from Spencer, arranged to sail on the next boat.

Dramatic

In due course he met Spencer at the Hotel Majestic, New York, who turned out to be a most prosperous-looking man.

Spencer's story was that he had had a lot of financial transactions with the Taunton man's brother, who had told him that he owed everything to the dead man's earlier help.

Since his letter, however, a dramatic thing had happened in connection with the principal mine. A big landowner, who owned an adjoining mine, had laid claim to it under an old deed, and legally there was no possibility of further working their property without buying the other man out.

Their lawyers, indeed, had advised them to pay as much as 75,000 dollars in settlement of the matter.

Matters grew very complicated now, and the executor was so taken in—as numerous other people have been—by all the stories, plans, documents and deeds which were produced, and was so impressed by the alleged owner of the adjoining property, who was introduced to him as "Mr. William Howell, of Elvetia, Harrisburg," that he finally, after much more detail had been discussed, arranged for more than £2,000 to be rushed to him from England.

The ingenuity of the scheme knew no bounds. A trunk was displayed in his suite at the Hotel Majestic in which, among a lot of packing, were two bars which looked like solid gold, and which, when weighed together, represented something like 190 pounds.

Chief rogue

Even a brace and drill were produced to prove to the executor that these bars were really gold all through!

Before any money changed hands the dupe was shown the "Mining Deed" duly signed by the owner of the adjoining property, which testified that he was foregoing all claims on payment to him of an agreed sum, put up on sharing terms by all the parties interested.

Once his share of the money was paid over the Taunton man saw no more of the schemers.

The principal rogue, Spencer, just wired to say that he had been called off to attend to some very urgent business, but that he would be back in New York in time to see the Taunton partner before he sailed again for England.

Enquiries since made reveal the illuminating fact that time and again this type of fraud has been worked, and that, in three cases officially recorded, the plunderers obtained £6,000, £10,000 and £15,000!

The names they use are aliases, and include those of "William Turner," "John B. Green," "George W. Post," "William Carter," "Edward Sloan," "Ernest Sibley," "Frank Allen," "Thomas Ray," "A. B. Cline," "E. A. Starkloff," "E. A. Seaver," and "Samuel Howell."

With their revived transatlantic "mining" swindle these international rogues hope to find many fresh dupes in England in the near future. That is why we are glad to tell this story, which shows that even the oldest frauds can became fruitful when cleverly revived and exploited.

The MIRACLE MAN

"PUNTERS who bet in shillings show average of £5 a week clear profit."

This is the amazing claim made by Mr. J. Gower-Cavendish, of Cambridge Street, Hyde Park Square, London, W., who has made, according to his own modest claim, "The Greatest Racing Discovery in History."

Apparently J. Gower-Cavendish is anxious to share his knowledge—for a consideration, of course—with the idea of putting others on the straight and narrow path to fortune.

His booklet of twelve pages is a production which leaves the reader gasping with astonishment at the wonders of this new system of picking winners.

This banker-cum-financial expert remarks confidentially that the discovery of his amazing system "came about by a miracle."

"I have spent fifteen long years," he adds, "in my search for this short cut to positive prosperity—fifteen years searching for the secret which has evaded sportsmen ever since racing began, and I claim to be the first and only man in the world to have discovered it."

Having unearthed this wonder of wonders, you would think that he would just sit back and quickly amass a fortune.

But no; he offers to sell his system for £2 plus 10 per cent. of winnings.

Anybody who pays £2 to this genius who has discovered the secret of making an income of £5 a week by betting in shillings deserves to lose his money.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU.
Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 8½d. each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/- line for 8½d. pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, 1/- Weekly Clubs; good profits. Catalogue free.—MAY (125), George Street, Birmingham.

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DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear and Boots. Illus. Catlg. for Credit Drapers and Beginners Post Free. Keenest prices (wholesale only).—M. Morris, 110-113, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

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Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
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Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AMAZING FREE GIFT every applicant for Gifts of Happiness Xmas Club Agency. £1,000 CASH BONUS in addition to HIGHEST COMMISSION. Magnificent Catalogue and Outfit Free. Guaranteed Goods. Cash Prizes.—STANTAN, LTD. (Dept. A), BRIGHOUSE.

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AGENTS!—Organise a "Quality" Xmas Club this year and obtain a free entry form for the simple Competition open to "Quality" Xmas Club Agents only. £100 in prizes must be won. Send to-day for 120-page MONSTER CATALOGUE and full particulars. There are 600 lines in our Catalogue, including chocolates and cigarettes of all the leading makes. We pay HIGHEST CASH COMMISSION and also pay carriage on all orders, large or small. The "Quality" Club GUARANTEES the ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION of every agent and member.—Send p.c. with name and address at once to George Lodge and Co., Ltd., The "Quality" Club, J.B.2, Westgate, Bradford.

30 VACANCIES.
30 (Thirty) vacancies occur for men aged 19-21 as Asst. Preventive Officers in the Customs Dept. No experience is required and good prospects are offered to keen youths. Open Entrance Exam. August 28.—For full details apply B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS.—Young men desirous of joining Metropolitan, Town or County Police should send for Free Police Handbook, which explains methods of entrance to all Forces (Ages 19-25).—B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

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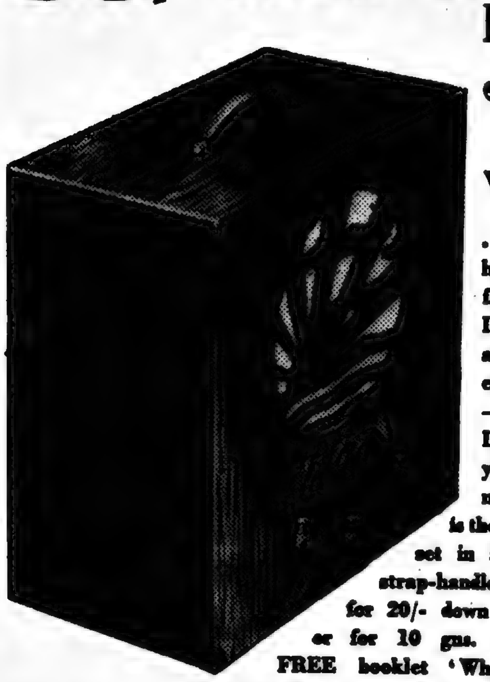
MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60: Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

20/- down . . . brings you '*wireless* wireless'



. . . and in every room of the home. For a Pye portable is a family set without fear or favour. In the morning it entertains Mother at her household duties. In the evening it plays to the whole family — indoors or out in the garden. Last of all, it holds court while the younger generation croon to the dance music. The portable that is illustrated is the 0/B2, a 'straight' four-valve battery set in a fine figured oak cabinet with a strap-handle for carrying. You can have it for 20/- down and 12 monthly payments of 17/6 or for 10 gns. cash. Send the coupon for the FREE booklet 'Why not have *wireless* wireless?' and learn about the other Pye Mains and Battery portables.

Post this coupon to-day

PYE

FREE

Pye Radio Ltd., Africa House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.
Please send me a FREE copy of your booklet, 'Why not have *wireless* wireless?'

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Ark.

EARN big money as Agents for all-the-year round firm specialising in Clothing, Footwear, Jewellery, Fancy and Household Goods. Liberal commission and bonuses paid and cash prizes. Send at once for particulars post free.—Ambler, Price and Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Amprico House, Acton Lane, N.W.10.

£2 CASH BONUS AND INCOME ALL THE YEAR ROUND selling 1/- lines at half profit. Either sex—anywhere. Samples free. — Write now.—Carter, 58, Mildmay Park, London, N.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, LONDON; or 268, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., BIRMINGHAM. 84,000 successful pupils.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1934 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—ages 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.

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WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER Co., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

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WOOL SALE, 1 oz. Cro. 1½d., Silky 1½d., 6-ply Rug 8d., Colours 9½d.; samples, Rug Book free. Scotia Wools, 158, New Bridge St., N/c-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS — The famous Blakey Morris Pattern Book (the largest published) post free.—Blakey Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55-56, London Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

A SPANKING MOUNT, THE ELSWICK CYCLE!—famous for finish. Prices from £3 19s. 9d. to £9 9s. Also Non-Deposit Easy Terms.—Send p.c. for FREE 36-page catalogue of 1934 Models to ELSWICK CYCLES, LTD., BARTON-ON-HUMBER.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. You should see the latest designs for 1934. Pattern Book post free.—Bruce & Hall (Dept. J.B.), South Shields.

PNEUMATIC CUSHIONS at amazingly low price of 1/3 each. One of the week's best bargains. You'll find it illustrated in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" on p. 18.

WHAT is a "Minoretta" Accordion? For the answer see advt. on p. 18 and get a pleasant surprise.

GRAVES Famous Bedding Bales always give satisfaction. Send only 3/6 for the complete Bale described on p. 18.

GREAT Free Offer of Bowls. 120 pairs given away. Write for details. See page 25.

READERS should write for a free leaflet explaining the wonderful "VOIGTLANDER BRILLIANT" Camera offered in the advt. on p. 33.

DON'T overlook the A.L. Hooley offer of a wonderful Stropper on page 32.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES 30/-.
75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO - ACCORDIONS from £2 2s. 6/6 monthly. BANJOS, GUITARS, DRUMS, etc., 44-p. cat. free.—OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

A FREE copy of the PYE range of wireless sets needing no aerial or earth and ready to play in any room will be sent to readers who fill in the coupon in the large advt. on this page. You can get the model illustrated for 20/- down.

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TENTS! BARGAINS! for Hikers and Campers. Also Camp Equipment. 100-p. Cats. free.—J.B. SMITH, 17, LANSDOWNE RD., CROYDON.

MOTOR INSURANCE.

QUARTERLY MOTOR INSURANCE. 8-h.p., 16/9. Reliable Office. Lowest Rates.—Cover Notes immediately.—Beak's, Brokers, 7, High Rd., E.18.

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TEAS, wholesale, 4-lb. parcels and upwards. We also specialise in packet Teas for market salesmen and door-to-door canvassers.—Write for lists.—Poulter's, Dane Place, Bow, Ldn., E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482M), 80, Chancery Lane, Ldn., W.C.2.

SLEEP.—If you cannot—take a cup of "Allenburys" Diet before retiring. Send 3d. stamps for ½-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 37, Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

LOSS OF HAIR. Prevalence of Dandruff. Sure signs of unhealthy scalps. Use "Samsol" immediately and revitalise the hair roots. Natural growth of hair will follow.—Write (enclosing 1½d. stamp) for particulars to TONAIR HEALTH PRODUCTS, LTD., 10, ELMBANK STREET, GLASGOW.

VARICOSE VEINS.
ULCERS and all Skin Complaints PERMANENTLY CURED without leaving a scar. "I suffered with Ulcers, and got your treatment. FOUND INSTANT RELIEF and it CURED MY LEG COMPLETELY," writes Mrs. Halway, 12, Harborne Lane, B'ham. Send 3/- for trial size, or write to-day for generous FREE SAMPLE and Booklet.—LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer St., London, W.1.

ALFRED BISHOP offers on p. 32 a free booklet containing dietary chart and an offer of 30 days' trial treatment. Write for this to-day!

DO you suffer from eye strain, weak and watery eyes, etc? If so, fill in the coupon in the Singleton advt. on p. 31 for free booklet.

GET the kidneys working actively with the help of DOAN'S Backache and Kidney Pills. Readers' attention is drawn to advt. on p. 34.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on the Back Cover.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plate (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

CASH Waiting for any kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Diamonds, Dental Plates, etc. Highest cash per return. Est. 25 yrs. Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO DRESS well on 10/- or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No deposit, no references required. Call or write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue, also Men's Catlg., sent post free. SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent St., London, W.1.

A SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on the Back Cover.

ANOTHER 50 Solid Silver Tankards free.—Simply write on a postcard why in your opinion do women like and prefer BULMER'S WOODPECKER CIDER. Some say it is a pleasant and effective alternative to dieting. Others, that it tones the system—clears the complexion. What is your opinion? For the best postcard replies these beautiful Solid Silver Tankards will be distributed free to *John Bull* readers. When sending in your entry, which must be received by July 21 be sure to mention *John Bull* and post to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. C3, Cider Makers, Hereford. See p. 14.

FREE!—Send a postcard to BROWN & POLSON, Ltd., Dept. 81, Paisley, for a free copy of "Simple Home Cookery," an invaluable recipe book for Summer dishes. Mention *John Bull* when writing. See page 23.

EVERY Man is invited to accept a sample bottle of Harlene Hair Cream free. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 31.

A FREE sample of ALLINSON'S BREAD is offered on p. 30. Fill in the coupon for a special voucher entitling you to obtain a full-size Allinson Loaf free. Post the coupon in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

PURE BEER easily made at home! Turn to the "Viggormalt" advt. on p. 23. A trial size is offered. Free yeast is supplied with each tin.

FREE.—100-page book, "Guide to Dog Management." Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spratts Patent, Ltd., 56, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3. See p. 27.

FREE.—Write to Nursery Expert (Dept. J.B.), Nestle's, 6 and 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, for free 100 page book of special interest to mothers. See p. 25.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on the Back Cover to your name and address, with 2d. stamp for postage.

The £1,000 HANDSHAKE WIZARD

—A WARNING

by

MAJOR-GENERAL

Sir Wyndham CHILDS

A GROSSLY pretentious brochure, lavishly printed and illustrated, has for some time past been freely distributed among readers seeking employment, by a concern called George Brook, Ltd., of Brownlow House, High Holborn, London.

This booklet, which holds out hope to "square pegs in round holes," gives a descriptive account of what is described as a "world-wide confidential service," which George Brook, Ltd., claims to maintain in no fewer than 27 different countries, including Australia, Canada, British Columbia, South Africa, South America and Mexico.

The advertisements by means of which countless people have been attracted, are worded in such a way as to appeal to those prepared to take up responsible positions either at home or overseas.

"Consultations arranged without obligation—write, 'phone, or call," one announcement runs, proclaiming at the same time, "an unrivalled service."

A genius

Scores of my readers have parted with fees ranging from four guineas to this self-styled "industrial and commercial counsel," the founder and managing director of which is Mr. George Brook, described as Ph.D., F.C.I.

He is the controller and organising genius of the company known by his name; and which, without claiming to be in any way an "employment agency," professes to cater for directors, executives, civil, mining and electrical engineers, and for every senior grade of commercial and professional worker.

He is also the "Doctor" mentioned in the booklet who not long ago informed the representative of a Sunday newspaper that he could tell by a man's handshake whether or not he was worth £1,000 a year.

The "services" placed at the disposal of those seeking employment included the drafting of a letter sent out to companies and firms selected from a directory; and the daily perusal of advertised jobs.

Among the first questions asked of those who have sought introductions to employers through the medium of George Brook, Ltd., has been whether they have money they wish to invest.

The significance of this initial question will be observed when I reveal that among those in possession of capital who have got in touch with this world-wide organisation are several who now heartily regret that they were induced to invest their savings in the company.

"Cases"

Those who paid fees ranging from four guineas upwards were treated as "cases." One now before me is numbered 210.

An employer to whom George Brook, Ltd., addressed an application on this man's behalf was assured "Here we have a bright, well-educated young man, who is anxious to improve himself."

But there is nothing about the letter which George Brook, Ltd., addressed to a prospective employer that the "bright" young man could not have written himself.

In any case, there can have been no magic about it, for the employer concerned did not even take the trouble to reply!

Yet George Brook confidently claims that he has found jobs for 10,000 men in all branches of commerce.

He professes to be able to tell from the appearance and features of an individual the nature of the work he does.

"It is a man's character, his mental make-up, that matters," his brochure declares. "And his handshake has proved an infallible guide."

Mr. George Brook held out a helping hand; but he himself has failed

One young man who thus shook hands with George Brook, in person, was a Harpenden reader, who had been unemployed for nearly two years.

Like many others, he had been drawn by an advertisement. After a consultation with this magnate among psychologists, he was offered employment—by George Brook, Ltd.!

But he was required to lend the company £200 at five per cent. before being engaged at £3 a week. For some months he was paid the stipulated wage.

Then his salary was usually short, and some weeks he received nothing at all. To-day, his faith in this business wizard sadly shaken, he is seeking other employment.

From the wreckage of the organisation which George Brook controlled, he seeks to recover his £200; and, like him, there is a young man of Kensington, London, who was induced to invest £1,000 in other companies sponsored by Brooks. Whether either will ever recover anything seems doubtful.

A reader in Hampton, Middlesex, who responded to the alluring advertisement issued by George Brook, Ltd., paid a fee of four guineas; but in the same week he was informed that the landlords had stepped in and distrained upon the assets of these companies for rent.

In addition to these, are other employees of George Brook, Ltd., the organisation which set itself up as "industrial and commercial counsel," who are now seeking to recover wages due to them over a period of months.

Many clients

One is a married man living in Central London, who was the general manager, controlling staff, and interviewers. He is owed more than £24.

Most of the hopes of these various victims have now been shattered, as George Brook, Ltd., has gone into liquidation. The landlords of the offices which were occupied have not been paid their rent, and have therefore stepped in to secure what they can of the £150 due.

A similar amount is due to the agency which secured the regular advertising in prominent newspapers by means of which George Brook, Ltd., attracted applicants at the rate of seventy a week.

Three typists were among several victims who consulted solicitors the other day, with a view to taking any necessary action to obtain moneys due.

It is, indeed, a sad thing if George Brook, who, on his own showing, has received moneys in the neighbourhood of £50 000 in fees, is now unable to pay the salaries of his own employees.

Notwithstanding his claim to have placed 10,000 men in jobs, he is not the wizard his brochure would lead those in need of employment to believe. One after another, men who became directors of his companies have resigned, and two at least regard the moneys they invested as beyond recovery.

The operations of this self-styled "industrial and commercial counsel" cannot be too strongly condemned.

GREYHOUNDS and GREENHORNS

THE latest philanthropist to exploit a get-rich-quick greyhound racing scheme is Mr. L. Morris, who has become active at Sentinel House, Southampton-row, London.

He recently advertised for young men to assist him to bet on greyhounds at the licensed tracks in London.

To one applicant who was granted the privilege of an interview Mr. L. Morris was very enthusiastic as he outlined his scheme which should spread ruin among the unsuspecting Bookmakers.

He wanted, it appeared, to engage a number of men to attend the various greyhound meetings to place bets for him on certain dogs.

In consideration for this service the men engaged would be paid £2 2s. a week in wages plus expenses of five shillings a night. This pleasant evening occupation would not interfere with a man's ordinary job.

Many young men will have been impressed with the apparent generosity of Mr. L. Morris who is prepared to pay so liberally for a few hours' work each evening.

But there is a fly in the ointment, for Mr. Morris explains that he must have a security of £25 before any of the applicants can start work at backing greyhounds for him.

What security these employees would have for their £25 is not explained.

Mr. Morris had planned to employ at least twenty men to bet on greyhounds for him at the London tracks, but the bookmakers have shown no signs of alarm at the peril which threatens.

We are not impressed with this greyhound backing scheme. The terms are so generous that suspicion is at once aroused.

You Can't Do Without It!

THE past few days have given JOHN BULL much cause to congratulate itself. Right from the start its Birthday Celebration Gift proved a sensational success and immediately justified JOHN BULL's belief that here, in *The Universal Home Lawyer*, was a great work the whole nation needed.

Despite the overwhelming demand, it is not JOHN BULL's wish that any one reader should miss this greatest of family gifts, and this week, therefore, it again publishes the special application forms.

If you have not yet accepted, turn right away to the special announcement on pages 2 and 3. There you will find the special applications forms—there, too, you will see that JOHN BULL offers a copy free not only to you, but one to your friend as well.

And now a word about the great *Universal Home Lawyer* itself. Here is a wonderful work that is indispensable to every man and every woman.

Just think what it means to you! Some little legal problem connected with your house, your landlord, your neighbour, your employer, or your business—if you have a business of your own—a little problem that might, in the ordinary way, be on your mind for days, perhaps weeks . . . and yet with this invaluable reference work at your elbow you can solve it at once.

Throughout its 800 pages, from A-Z, every word is authentic, for it has been compiled and edited by eminent legal authorities who have set down in plain man-in-the-street language everything a lifetime of legal training and experience has taught them.

Decide now to add this volume to your personal reference library! Find your friend at once, then turn immediately to pages 2 and 3, complete the reservation forms and post them to-day.

BUY AT WORKS PRICE

FREE
"ALL BRITISH" BARGAINS
BOOK

59/9

OR 1/6 WEEKLY

Don't pay shopkeepers' prices! Save at least £1 by buying from actual makers. For only 59/9, or 1/6 weekly, we offer you an All-British guaranteed-for-ever Cycle fully equal to anything in shops at £3-19-6. Carriage paid on 7 days' free trial. SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE which pictures and describes a magnificent range of Lightweights, Roadsters, etc. Costs you nothing—Saves you pounds.

MOORHOUSES,
Dept. 29, PADIHAM, LANCS.

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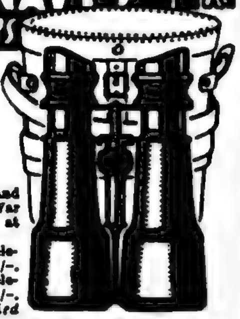

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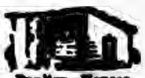

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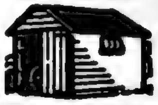

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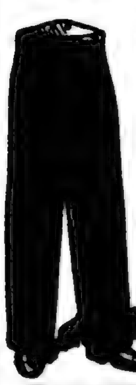

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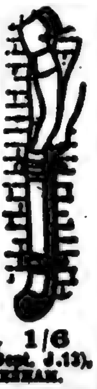

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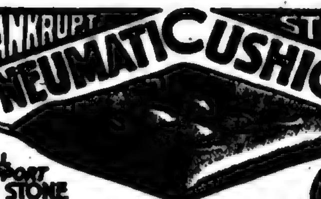

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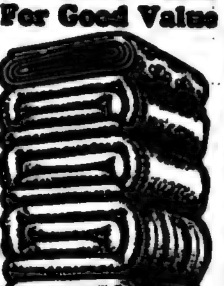

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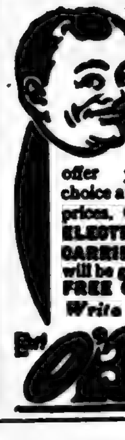

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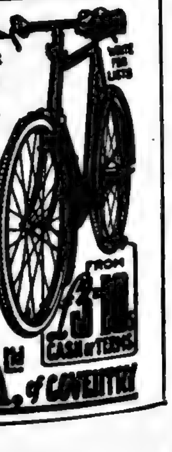


Edwd **O'Brien** Ltd of COVENTRY

DEBT Outrage on Father

ORDEAL before WIFE and CHILD

Mrs. Dixon and her six-year-old son

TO imperil the life of a man's wife in order to obtain payment of rates arrears amounting to a little over £6 seems a drastic and heartless method of dealing with rate-defaulters.

Yet this has been the unfortunate experience of the wife of Mr. M. J. Dixon, a dock labourer of Thorold Street, Grimsby.

This family, like many others in the district, has been suffering severely during the past few years from the effects of a long drawn out period of unemployment and its consequent misery.

Dixon had been unemployed for over two years except that latterly he has been working one and a half days a week, for which he gets fifteen shillings. He also draws a small amount in unemployment benefit.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that the rates for the modest little house in Thorold Street, Grimsby, have got into arrears.

Committed to prison

Try how they would, Mr. Dixon and his wife, who has the added misfortune of suffering from heart trouble, were unable to scrape together the money needed to clear off the amount owing for rates.

The difficulties of this family can be imagined. There are two sons, one aged six and the other a young man of twenty-one years, who is unemployed but draws no unemployment money.

A few weeks ago the Rates Department of the Grimsby Council decided to take drastic action to enforce payment of the rates arrears amounting to £6 8s.

Officialdom took the case to court, but on the day that it was due for hearing, Dixon was actually engaged chasing after a possible job in another part of the town.

For this reason he did not appear in court, and in his absence he was committed to prison for twenty-one days for defaulting in payment of rates.

What sense there was in committing this practically unemployed man to prison for the non-payment of such a small sum as £6 8s. seems difficult to discover.

Detective pounces

For it is obvious that had this dock labourer gone to prison for three weeks his wife and two sons would have been entirely without means, and so would have become a charge on the Public Assistance Committee.

The cost of their maintenance for twenty-one days would have exceeded the amount of the debt for which the husband had been committed to prison.

However, the machinery of the law was in motion, and a few weeks ago things began to happen with dramatic suddenness.

A detective, making himself as unobtrusive as possible, took up a strategic position inside the Labour Exchange near the Grimsby Dock gates, ready to pounce upon Dixon when he appeared.

Unfortunately for the detective it happened that Dixon did not go to the Labour Exchange that morning.

That same evening Dixon, who was unaware of the detective's fruitless vigil earlier in the day, was walking down Thorold Street towards his home, holding the hand of his six-year-old son.

At that moment the detective appeared and stopped Dixon with a gruff "You have got to come with me."

"For a few seconds it seemed that I must have done something terrible," Mr. Dixon said as he told of his unfortunate experience to a JOHN BULL representative.

"My boy was with me and I said, 'I can't go with you now, the shock will kill my wife.'

"I had already offered to pay off the arrears of rates at twenty shillings a month, but they seemed determined that I should go to prison.

"As my wife suffers from heart trouble, I was naturally anxious that nothing should happen that would upset her, so I asked the detective not to come to the door of my house, as I would come back to him.

He refused

"Then I went to take my boy inside, but the detective came to the door. My wife saw him and collapsed.

"I did what I could for her, while a neighbour went for a doctor."

In these circumstances Dixon flatly refused to go with the detective, and insisted on staying with his wife until she recovered, or something worse happened.

At this juncture the representative of the law said, "I suppose you had better stay with her," and then made his departure.

Shortly afterwards the doctor came, restoratives were given, and after a period of tense anxiety, Mrs. Dixon came back to consciousness whispering "Don't let them take you to prison, Jack."

That night was one of grim despair for this unemployed dock worker, who had served his country on a minesweeper during the war.

As dawn broke greyly over the masts of the ships in the docks, this bewildered man sat at his wife's bedside, thinking grimly of the prospect of going away to prison for twenty-one days. But help from an unexpected source came within a few hours of what seemed a hopeless dawn.

Good friends, hearing of his plight, came to his assistance and between them collected the £6 8s. for the rates due and loaned it to Dixon.

They were too poor themselves to make it a gift.

So it was that the debt of rates was paid off and the dock worker was able to escape being sent to prison as if he were a criminal.

This case is similar to many that have been happening in distressed industrial areas throughout the country, but in this particular instance the call of the detective at the man's house might easily have resulted in the death of Mrs. Dixon. The representative of the law had been warned of the danger of a sudden shock.

Identification parade!

In the circumstances, there is considerable indignation among the dock workers of Grimsby at the methods now being used to collect arrears of rates due from men who have in many instances been unemployed for years or at the most only partly employed for short periods.

They rightly object to the practice of detectives using the local Labour Exchange when effecting an arrest, or as a place for questioning rate defaulters.

The dockers sign on each day at 8 a.m. and 1 p.m. and it often happens that a detective lies in waiting ready to pounce.

The queue of dejected men lines up in the Labour Exchange. One by one they file along and sign up. Then the clerk may nod to the unobtrusively waiting officer of the law, as an intimation that the man he wants is on the spot.

The detective steps forward and an unfortunate docker then experiences the misery of being singled out before the eyes of his comrades.

To collect arrears of rates due from unemployed dock workers must be a difficult job, but nothing can be gained by harshness.

To hold the threat of imprisonment over these men only adds to the bitterness that unemployment has created.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

BURDENED MINDS

NOW and again we hear it said of someone that he has a weight on his mind. We all know the symptoms. If you see a man going about sadly, shunning company, absorbed in gloomy thoughts which he shares with nobody, it is time to take him in hand if you have his welfare at heart. He is in danger.

When people begin to whisper that So-and-so has taken to drinking alone, sitting brooding hour after hour with a tankard by his side, they usually mean that things are going badly with him in more ways than one.

There is something wrong with him that he does not tell, and instead of pulling himself together and facing his troubles manfully he is giving way to a habit that will speedily make things worse.

Eating one's heart out in a corner has never yet done anyone any good. Churning over the same weary succession of depressing memories day after day and hour after hour will break up the stoutest constitution in time—and no very long time either.

What is going on internally in every such case is even more serious than appears on the surface. All inner conflict causes waste of vital force; physical and moral health are both deteriorating, like a motor engine that is using up oil and petrol at an extravagant rate while crawling along on misfiring cylinders. What the engine needs is a thorough cleansing and tightening up or it will soon come to a dead stop.

Dispositions vary strangely in regard to the sources of chronic despondency and loss of the will to take firm hold of life and make the best of it. Sometimes it is unavailing remorse that gets a man down. He may be haunted by an evil memory, the knowledge of something in his record for which he can neither forgive himself nor atone.

Sometimes it is a mixture of self-blame and conscious failure. Nearly everything the poor fellow has touched has gone wrong, and as he compares his life with other people's his heart grows bitter within him. Sometimes the root of the trouble is no more than the recollection of past mistakes that have brought misfortune in their train, but the daily sight of the painful results of such mistakes can be as hard to bear as some forms of the punishment of deliberate wickedness.

Sometimes, again, the thing that is killing a fine nature is simply the loss of a love that can never be replaced in this world. We all know or hear of people who cannot get over the shock of bereavement or of the cruel alienation of a precious affection.

The question is sometimes asked, Can sorrow kill? I think the answer is that a broken heart is not always fatal, but is so more often than the world suspects.

An affliction that will kill one person will hardly hurt another; but the worst kind of killing that trouble can effect is the killing of what is good and noble in a highly strung nature.

What is the lesson of all this? It is that it is usually the best and not the worst human material that has the greatest capacity for suffering in the manner illustrated above.

It should and could be saved from making shipwreck of itself. There is no tragedy so dark, no sin so great, no sorrow so deep that it should be granted the power to destroy a soul.

Almighty God has always some joy in reserve for those who turn to Him in grief.

The PRIVATE LIFE of GEORGE LANSBURY-2

BATTLE of his BOYHOO

The earliest photograph of George Lansbury, taken when he was a youth of twenty

MY father's mother was a real Victorian type "whose word was law" to her children, and I know that he loved and admired her, though he seemed to be less moved by recollections of his father.

The latter was a contractor, employing and superintending gangs of labourers first on railway construction and later at a coal depôt. He died young, before father was sixteen, and seems to have left very few lasting impressions upon his children.

As father often said, for most of the time his mother filled the position of both parents. She must have been a martinet if our own mother's opinion of her is anything to go by. For whenever our behaviour was specially atrocious, if, let us say, we got our Sunday clothes badly soiled, or our boots out at the toes through playing too much football in the dusty roads, she would say, "You ought to have had your *father's* mother, *she* would soon have put a stop to your capers."

The memory of the same strict disciplinarian would be invoked when the girls rebelled against having their hair cut short, so that they looked like boys, and wearing those hideous hoopcombs to keep it back behind their ears.

Father himself never goes into details about his mother, but we gather, even from him, that she was, to say the least, firm with her children. In those days firmness spelt punishment. But whether she punished them with canes or (more terribly) by word of mouth, we do not know. I should guess that she visited the wrong-doings of her children mostly with serious talk, and occasionally with severe wallopings, practising the wisdom of Solomon so as not to spoil the children.

Certainly, she must have been a woman of courage and resource.

Nobody seems to know where she met her husband, but one thing is clear—she ran away from home to marry him when he was eighteen and she just over sixteen, and thereafter never saw a single member of her own family for eight years, during which her life's work of rearing a family of nine was begun.

One can only imagine the trials and hardships of those days when she and her husband travelled, mostly by road, far into the eastern counties and throughout southern England, wherever the breadwinner's work took them.

Frequently when a job of work was done the whole family, all young and certainly including a baby a few weeks or months old, would be uprooted and carried away to some outlandish place where a cutting had to be made or a viaduct built to pave the way for modern transport and movement of goods. One such outlandish place was Halesworth, in Suffolk, where my father was born. As he himself says: "I was born there and that's about all.

When he was six, the family (now four or five strong, excluding parents) was camped in Kent. Lansbury père was helping to make the London Chatham and Dover Railway what it used to be before the age of amalgamation, rationalisation and electrification.

The constructional workers and their families lived in wooden huts very much poorer looking than those you may see to this day along the approach to the Blackwall Tunnel on the south side of the Thames; but the modern ones are a relic of the war, only tolerated as human habitations because of the acute (and unnecessary) housing shortage, whereas the earlier ones were in the nature of pioneer towns, housing those whose work was to smooth things out and get things shipshape for the building of the more lasting dwellings which form modern Bromley, Beckenham, Sidcup, Sydenham, etc.

The next move was to Greenwich, thence to Bethnal Green, and finally to Whitechapel, where the family occupied a huge early Georgian house in the grounds of the coal depôt of the Great Eastern Railway; and here the family stayed for a considerable time.

• The Nomads •

Father's early education was patchy. How could it have been otherwise?

They lived like nomads, not following herds like the wanderers of the East, but following their bread and butter. Nevertheless, certain periods stand out, during which work was prolonged, the place of work fixed, and the education and general bringing up of the children regular.

There were three such periods before father reached the age of eight, the places being Greenwich, Sydenham, and Bethnal Green. It may seem curious to talk of education before the age of eight. But for most children education finished at twelve or thirteen, and had to be started at three.

In 1865 the first and the last of these places were sleepy localities abounding in dairies, piggeries, small farms and market gardens. Even in Bow as recently as 1895 we used to be shocked by the loud and prolonged squealing of pigs being put to the slaughter fifty yards or so from our house. We used to think they were boiled alive, and never could eat boiled pork.

At Bethnal Green father received his schooling at St. James-the-Less and was perhaps beginning to feel his feet; but at Sydenham a little earlier the "school" was a room in a cottage, and the staff consisted of a solitary old dame who exacted respect from her pupils and encouraged them to learn their sums with the aid of a stick.

Father was a great favourite, however, and rose to be head boy, though what this achievement was worth could only be gauged by the number of pupils the old lady crammed into her tiny room. This we do not know. She spent most of her time during school hours sewing and knitting—no doubt a contributory factor to the aforementioned patchiness of father's education—and the position of head boy carried with it the honour and responsibility of threading the old dame's needle and assisting in the unravelling of her wool.

School Fights •

Between the ages of eight and fifteen he must have been taken in hand seriously, for by that time he could read well, write well and speak well. And there his schooling, though not his education, stopped.

From then onwards he was a tireless reader, a writer to the newspapers, and an indefatigable public speaker. I doubt whether there is to-day a man in the whole world who has addressed more meetings, indoor, outdoor, public and private, than George Lansbury.

The school attached to Whitechapel Church was responsible for most of father's serious education. It was one of the many "church" or "denominational" schools, the existence of which caused such a hubbub when the elementary education of London's children was put in the hands of the London County Council.

For many years after his school days father kept in touch with the schoolmaster (Michael Apted—"a real good sort") and with the Rector of Whitechapel (Mr. [illegible]. F. Kitto), who later on married him to Elizabeth Jane Brine, and remained one of the few really intimate friends of the family.

In after years father used to take his children (at any rate his first three or four) to the Christmas party given by Mr. Kitto at the school. It was a rare treat for us, including a ride along the Bow and Mile End roads on the old horse tram, and a good tuck in of Christmas pudding, with a present of some sort and the usual orange and bun to bring home.

There was something unusual

OD

by his Son Edgar

—and THE GOSPEL IT TAUGHT HIM

about that church school. Whatever its standard of elementary education may have been, it certainly fostered to an unusual degree the sort of *esprit de corps* which, although not at all rare in modern council schools, was certainly lacking in the majority of private elementary schools of those days.

School rivalries are now settled on football fields and cricket pitches. Then, however, they frequently assumed quite serious dimensions, and were settled in the streets. School fights were the order of the day, and many a time have we been treated by father to graphic descriptions of specially memorable street battles in which the weapons were wooden cudgels, hobnailed boots and, most deadly of all, the "kerbstone" rolled up in a cloth cap and swung at the end of a string.

Speaking as a street fighter of a later generation, I do not hesitate to place the last-mentioned at the head of the list of weapons for general utility and effectiveness. The sight of a swarm of boys armed in this fashion charging down the street, whirling their "kerbies" round their heads and uttering terrifying war-whoops, is never to be forgotten.

Rarely could an encounter be termed a "pitched battle," for one side would usually break and run at the first shock and the ensuing "running fight" would continue until the many isolated units were rendered *hors-de-combat* or reached a friendly door.

Father is now a pacifist, but there is no denying the relish with which, in middle age, he used to fight these battles over again and earn our applause as we consumed our supper of bread and cheese and cocoa round the kitchen fire.

Whether the school was successful according to official standards is open to question. It is not open to question, however, that the scholars developed a keen interest in the politics of the day, and in the history of their own country.

• Amazing Vitality •

Father's knowledge of history is wide if a little inexact. I should say he knows why and how King John signed the Great Charter without knowing the date or the names of the barons who compelled him to sign it. This is my idea of him, though it may do him an injustice.

Nearly thirty years ago, when I was studying "Green's Short History of the English People," he seemed to me to know it from cover to cover. It still thrills him to read about Simon de Montfort and the beginnings of Parliament, about Cromwell and his Ironsides. But here again secondary names and all dates might elude him. He would not be interested in them, but only in the general current of thought and movement of opinion.

In later years he was a voracious reader of historical classics, Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." Scott's historical novels he knew almost by heart; Justin Macarthy's "History of Our Own Times" was for years his "bedside novel."

His vitality is still amazing. After a week of work which would send younger men to the country to recuperate, you will find him on Saturday afternoons conducting parties of schoolchildren over the Houses of Parliament, pointing out objects of interest and explaining the historical scenes depicted on the huge mural paintings in the lobbies.

• Hostile, ecstatic •

I often wonder whether these post-Victorian (even post-war) children can possibly feel so impressed as they look; I am certain they are not more deeply impressed than their guide.

Yet he will artfully dissemble his mood (like one who makes a joke at a funeral) by directing his young guests' attention to "that old josser over there"—indicating a statue or a bust or a painting, or even a passing member; or to "that skinny old Johnnie who looks as though he could do with a good square meal"—perhaps a statue of Disraeli.

Nor will this exacting Saturday finish his week's work. The Sunday will find him in some remote part of the country preaching his message throughout the afternoon and evening, and sometimes during the morning too.

It may seem easy to him now when thousands flock to hear him wherever he goes; whatever he says finds acquiescence and applause from the majority of his hearers. But it was not always so. His audiences have varied in numbers from ten to ten thousand, and in attitude from riotous hostility to ecstatic applause.

• His Red Flag •

It is a far cry indeed to the days when he would set out from his working-class home on a Saturday night catching a late train to the North of England or Scotland, literally carrying the Red Flag with him under his arm, ready to set it up in the market place of a distant village or town and with the aid of one or two local stalwarts preach the gospel of Socialism.

At one period we lived within fifty yards of the Great Eastern Railway where it passed through Bow, and many a time have we waited eagerly for his express train to thunder past our windows.

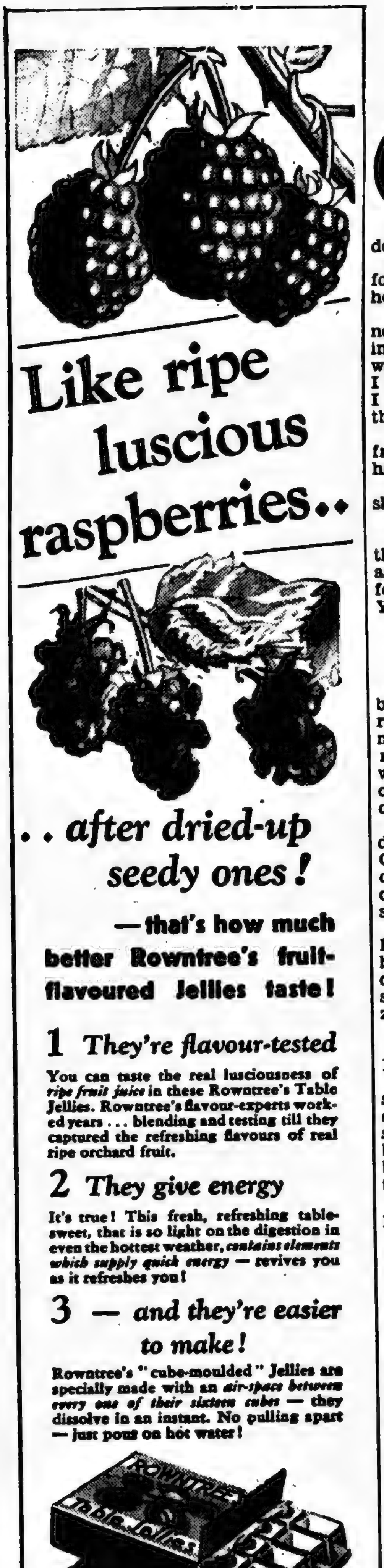
We used to wave our handkerchiefs and he would poke the red flag through the carriage window. There were so many of us at our window that I, being one of the youngest, rarely got a sight of the flag itself and had to make do with the reports of the elder ones, who monopolised the best positions.

In our own house we were almost ecstatic; but how father explained his strange behaviour to his fellow-passengers I do not know.

NEXT WEEK:

Under the Southern Cross . .

For many years George Lansbury worked in a timber yard; here he is, in the year 1901, in the centre of a group of his workmates



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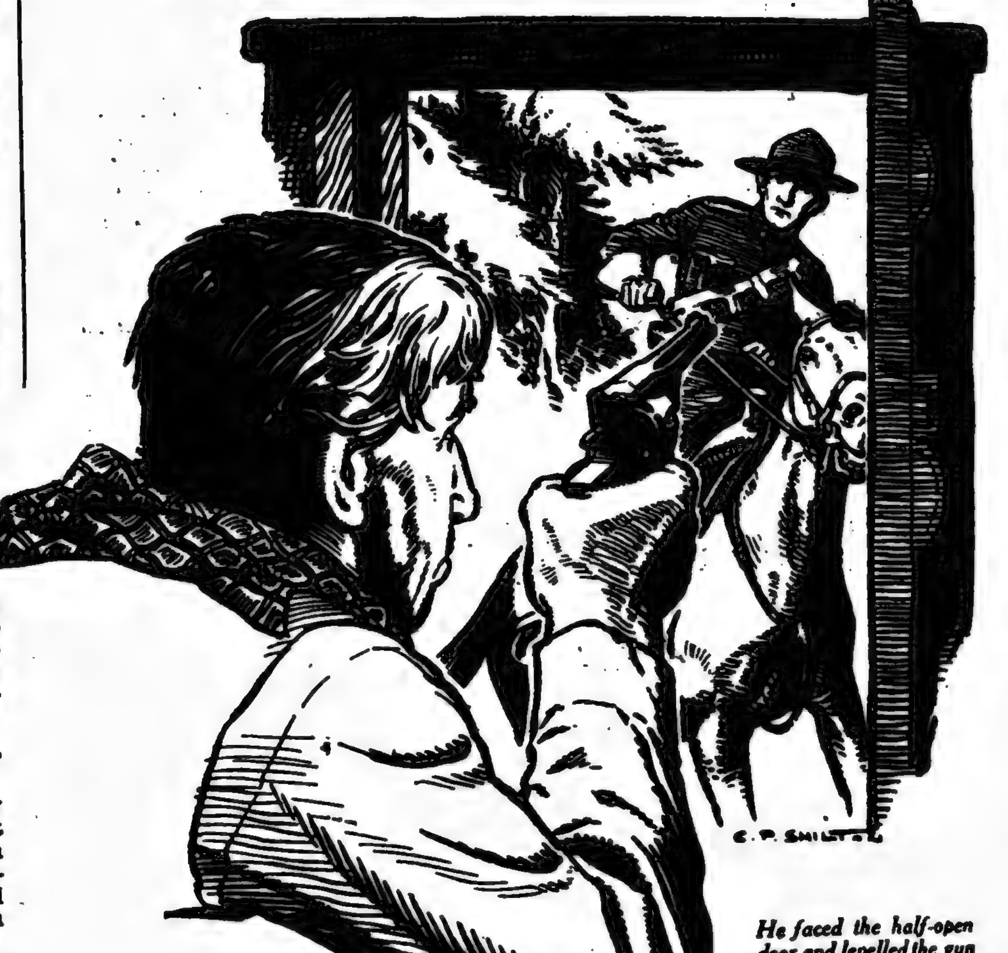
JOHN BULL *Readers' Stories*—89

I FACE A DOUBLE Murderer



He faced the half-open door and levelled the gun

A Mother's Courage Wins in the Frozen North

OUR shack stood in a little clearing and, as I came back to it from the spring, I heard Ruff begin to bark loudly. Then there was a sharp report followed by the dog's howl of pain.

I dropped my pail of water and ran; for my two children were alone in the house and I was terribly afraid.

Poor Ruff was lying on the ground near the porch bleeding from a wound in the body. He lifted his head and whined at me, but he couldn't move. I was sobbing with pity and anger as I ran indoors to get something to stop the flow of blood.

A ragged, unshaven man rose up from the stove to meet me and he still held a gun in his hand.

"You brute!" I sobbed, "You've shot our dog!"

His upper lip lifted in an ugly smile.

"Ay," he said, "that's the first of them. Now quit talking and get me a bite and a sup. I've had nothing for two days and I'm pretty well all in. You'd better look sharp, missus."

~~~~~~

Bobby, my four-year-old son, and baby Jean were asleep in the next room. For all I knew, my husband might have been a hundred miles away, riding in pursuit of this very man, wanted by the "Mounties" for double murder. And our dog was dying just outside the shack.

Frank had left home at dawn, detailed for this special hunt. Only three days before an old couple had been found battered to death in their hut on the other side of the hills.

I felt certain, from the description Frank had given me, that this man who had shot Ruff was the one who had murdered the two old people. He had the same very pale blue eyes, the same zigzag scar on the left temple.

And my heart stood still with fear.

"We've got . . . hardly anything here," I stammered, "and you can't stop."

He said nothing, but he made a slow step towards me. It was the thought of the children that stopped me from screaming. Instead I went to the cupboard and took bread and butter and bacon from the shelves and set them on the table.

And I filled a saucepan with water and put that on the stove to boil.

Without another word he sat down and began to eat as though he were famished, as I suppose he was.

I walked across the room to the window, keeping my eyes on the man at the table all the time. Then I glanced out and saw that poor old Ruff was lying quite still. I was glad he was dead, because I could not have borne to leave him suffering.

My husband gave Ruff to me just after he brought me home as his bride. Perhaps Frank guessed, although I tried to hide it from him, how lonely and frightened and disappointed I was.

We had been sweethearts since we were children together in England, and I followed him out to Northern Canada to be married.

Our honeymoon lasted for only a few days, and then Frank drove me out through miles and miles of beautiful but lonely country to my new home.

~~~~~~

He was proud of his little frame house, but I shall never forget my consternation when I first saw it—just a little hut in a clearing, a mere shack divided into two rooms, one to live in and one to sleep in.

There was no other building in sight. Our nearest neighbours lived an hour's walk away, and even the spring from which we drew our water was two or three minutes' distance from the house.

Often, too, Frank's duties as a Mounted Policeman took him away from home for two or three days at a time.

Ruff was only a puppy then, and sometimes I held him in my arms and cried against his thick coat. But I loved Frank and gradually I came to love our small house in this immense and new and unpeopled country.

After Bobby was born I do not think you could have found a happier woman in all Canada.

These memories crossed my mind in a flash as I looked out of the window at my dead dog and then back again to the man who had killed him.

When Frank had ridden away that morning he said: "Take care of yourself, sweetheart. I may be late or I may not be back at all to-night. But I shall try to get home. Just keep the door locked after dark, and don't open it until you hear my 'Coo-ee.'"

I don't know how long I stood there watching the scarred man eating. At last he grunted and noisily pushed back his chair. Bobby, asleep in the next room, must have heard him, for he began to call: "Mummy! Mummy!"

I went to his cot at once and tried to pacify him, but he wouldn't be quiet, and so I had to bring him into the living-room. Directly he saw the stranger he began to scream and that woke Baby Jean.

"Keep those kids quiet," snarled the scarred man, "or I'll have to do it for you. I never could stand that row."

"Hush, Bobby," I whispered. "Be a good boy, *please*."

He stopped crying, and Jean's wail died away to a little whimper and then ceased. The stranger picked up one of my husband's pipes, blew down it noisily, and then demanded a "fill of 'bacca."

~~~~~~

I knew my only hope was to humour him, and I found Frank's tobacco jar for him. He filled the pipe deliberately and lit up.

And again I stood watching him, this time with Bobby in my arms.

"Don't you think," I said at last, "you'd better go now?"

"No hurry," he replied, "I'm comfortable enough."

"All right," said I, "but my man will be back home very soon."

His blue eyes looked me up and down and then his gaze shifted to a framed

(Continued on page 24)
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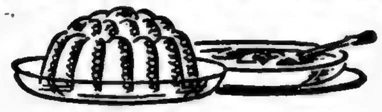
B&P
CORN FLOUR

The order for the week

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour



Suggestions for Summer Sweets

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MONDAY . . Pineapple or Prune Mould
TUESDAY . . Blancmange Sponge
WEDNESDAY. Fresh Fruit Jelly
THURSDAY . Cornflour Blancmange
FRIDAY . . . Treacle Shape
SATURDAY. . Chocolate Blancmange

The Recipes for these delicious sweets are contained in "Simple Home Cookery," an invaluable Recipe Book for Summer dishes. Send to Brown & Polson Ltd., Dept. 81, Paisley, for free copy.

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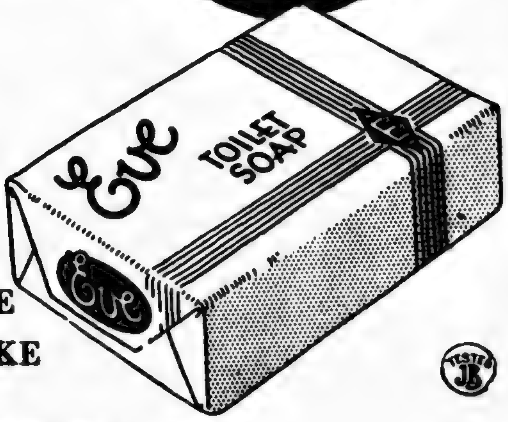

A circus performer named Bem Said: "Take those eggs back to the hen.

I'm a common-sense soul, What I need is a bowl

Of POST TOASTIES each morning at ten."

It *is* common-sense to start the day with an uncommonly good breakfast like Post Toasties. They're light, flavoursome and thoroughly appetising. And they give you energy. Don't forget, too — there are now free toys on Post Toasties packets.

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I Face a Double Murderer—*Continued from page 22*

OUTLAW at BAY

photograph of my husband in the uniform of the Mounted Police.

"Is that your man?" he asked, pointing at the photograph with his pipe stem.

Before I could reply, Bobby piped out defiantly: "That's my daddy! He's got a gun and he'll shoot you!"

The man laughed, but took no other notice of him.

"Well, Missus," he said deliberately, "You may as well know it. I'm the feller they're looking for, but no 'Mounty's' going to get *me*! Just now I need a rest"—here he pulled a gun out of his belt and laid it on the table beside him—"later . . . we . . . we'll see."

Somehow I kept Bobby quiet. The poor little chap was very sleepy and at last I was able to put him back into his cot.

Then I made coffee for the man in the other room and sat down to wait. He drank his coffee and smoked and never said a word.

Once, utterly terrified, I had to go out to the woodshed to get some more fuel for the stove.

* * *

He came to the door and watched me. Then he went back to his seat. And, in my desperation, I began to lay the table for my husband's supper.

I thought if I could persuade him that Frank was really coming home he might decide to go on his way. I made some more coffee and put the large coffee pot on the stove to keep hot.

He watched my every movement like a cat watching a mouse. When I sat still, listening so intently that I could hear my own heart beating, he seemed to be listening too.

I was hoping against hope that somebody, perhaps one of our neighbours, might pass along the rough track below the clearing. And I had made up my mind that if they did I would call out to them, no matter what happened.

But nobody came. There was no sound at all except the crackle from the stove and the little customary noises of the open.

And once I looked up at my husband's gun hanging on the wall. The stranger saw me and again his upper lip drew back in that wolfish grin of his.

At once he rose to his feet and took the gun down and held it between his knees. And there was nothing I could do except sit still and wait.

Twice the man went to the door and looked out—to listen, I suppose, for any sound of my husband's return. But each time he came back and sat down by the stove again.

His every movement filled me with fresh terror, but I think I could have borne the waiting better if he had only spoken.

It was well past midnight before I heard a very faint "Coo-ee" away up the track. The man heard it too. My heart leaped in my breast and then seemed to stop beating when I saw my terrible guest pick up the gun.

Soon there was a louder "Coo-ee" and we could hear the clatter of hoofs. I took two or three quick steps to the door, but the man was quicker still.

He caught my arm in a fierce grip and swung me back towards the stove, so that I almost lost my footing.

"You stay—where you're put," he snarled, "and keep darned quiet."

Then he faced the half-open door and levelled the gun.

By sheer instinct I moved the coffee-pot to the middle of the stove over the fire. And I began to pray. "Oh, God," I implored, "please, please help us and spare my husband!"

Just then Frank's footsteps sounded outside the door, and the murderer had his gun up with his finger on the trigger.

* * *

I picked up the pot of boiling coffee, whirled round, and threw it at him.

They say a woman never aims straight, but, thank God, I did that night. The pot hit the side of his head and the boiling coffee almost blinded him.

He gave a wild yell, dropped the gun, and sprang towards me, swearing horribly.

But before he reached me my husband was on him like a wild-cat, and inside five minutes "the 'Mounty' had got his man again."

The Mounted Police make a neat job of a piece of work like that, and the blue-eyed murderer with the scar spent the night in our living-room very securely trussed up.

I passed a large part of it sobbing in my husband's arms, and it was some weeks before I was my real self again.

Frank and I have been back in dear old England some years now, and both Bobby and "Baby" Jean are married. But a battered coffee-pot still holds pride of place on our mantelpiece.

* * *

And when friends come in of an evening and we start "swapping yarns" my husband looks at the coffee-pot and smiles at me.

Then—if they haven't heard it all before, and, often enough, even if they have—he talks of his service with the "Mounties," the Empire's finest police, the hunters who never give up the trail until they have got their man.

"And yet," he always concludes, "all the time I was in the force I only caught one desperate murderer. And the Missus had to disarm him first! Didn't you old lady?"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Don't be Daft!

THERE is only one way to live—and that is to make the most of the experience life has to offer.

If you go away for your holidays, for instance, go away with every bit of your mind as well as your body. Don't take your body away and leave a bit of your mind behind by worrying and fretting over things that have nothing to do with holidays.

To do that sort of thing isn't living. It isn't enjoying life. It's just being idiotic.

It's the surest way to create unhappiness. It's the most certain way to miss whatever fun may be going. It's "daft," as they say in Yorkshire.

There are numberless people who go somewhere, and promptly wish they were somewhere else. They go on a cruise, and within twenty-four hours are wishing they'd gone hiking. They go to Switzerland, and promptly sigh for Margate. They go to a big town and wish they were in the country. In the country they sigh for the delights of the town.

They're daft!

They're half-hearted about anythin' they do. That's the real trouble. And they don't realise that the trouble's in them and not in their surroundings.

There's only one way to enjoy life, and that's to throw yourself body and soul into whatever you happen to be doing. Whether you're at work or at play the secret of happiness and enjoyment is still the same—concentration.

"The people who sigh for land while at sea, who hunger for mountains while on the plain, or long for water while in the desert, are decidedly suffering from not being 'all there,'" said a fellow-writer the other day. . . . "To be 'all there' means to be getting the most out of every incident and every circumstance."

The fact is we have to take life as it is, and the sooner we do, the sooner we shall enjoy it.

"Make the most of it!"

"The Greatest of These—"

Ronald

When He Grows Up—

SINCE his ex-Service dad died last February, after suffering for seven years from tuberculosis, Ronald has been his mother's standby and consolation.

"Every farthing my boy earns he brings home," she told us, adding with pride, "he is ever such a good boy. If they all grow up like him I shall not worry."

Ronald, who is fourteen, is the eldest of four children. The youngest was born last December at the time the children's father was taken to hospital for the last time.

"He was only thirty-eight, and never complained, but was always full of jokes," said his widow, "that is why I miss him so much."

On the day of his father's funeral, while returning from work on his bicycle, Ronald was knocked down, and sustained severe concussion. "I nearly went mad," said his mother, "when the policeman came round to tell me my boy had met with an accident and was in hospital.

"When I went to see him, he had only just come to, and the first thing he said was, 'Mum, have you my wages? They were in my pocket, and I had twopence given as a tip, which you can take for the gas.'"

* * *

Ronald is now back at work adding his scant earnings to his mother's 21s. a week widow's pension. Her rent is 15s. a week, and she may well say, "It is a hard struggle to make ends meet, with baker's bills and milk bills.

"To keep the four children and myself I had to pawn everything I possessed, and I cannot redeem these things which I need so much."

Her doctor recommends hers as a "sad and genuine case of distress deserving of help."

With this recommendation before our readers, and our own good opinion of Ronald's mother, we shall be grateful for donations earmarked "Ronald," which, as well as subscriptions to the fund generally, to enable us to meet many another sad appeal, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

To other Mothers—

"For a long time now I have been wanting to write and say what I think of Nestlé's. I have two children, a boy about 2½ years and a girl four months.

"The little boy at birth was an eight months child and weighed 3 lbs. and was wrapped in cotton wool and soaked in olive oil. I tried lots of foods for him. People used to say, 'Come and see the little baby,' and I was told I would never rear him, but when they see him now, they get a shock as he is 36 lbs. now and not 3 years old yet.

"The baby girl, she was only 6½ lbs. when born, and I'm feeding her on Nestlé's and she is over a stone." MRS. F.B., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

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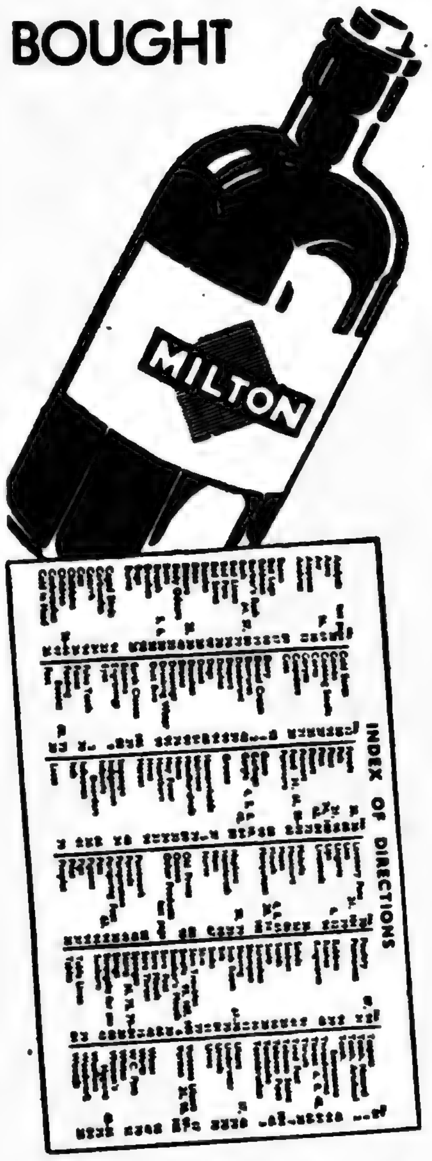

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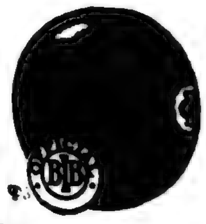

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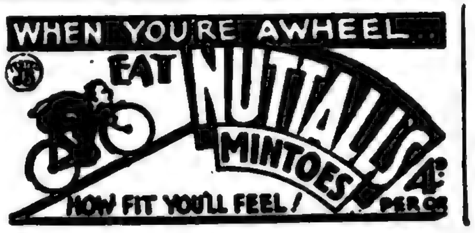

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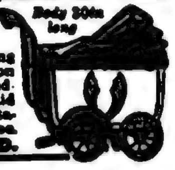

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Woman's Worst
ENEMY—
CONSTIPATION

Woman's worst enemy is Constipation. It steals good looks, dulls the eyes, spoils the best complexion and brings that weary, listless appearance which hides youth under a cloak of age. All wise women who are troubled with Constipation take Beecham's Pills. For this purely vegetable remedy is woman's best friend. Beecham's Pills restore that sparkle to your eye, clear your complexion, and bring vivacity to your whole outlook on life. They are one of the most popular health bringers in the world.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS *probed by* PHILIP INMAN

THE MAN WITH Too Much Work!

IT may be trite, but it is perfectly true to say that circumstances alter cases. Take the man who is out of work. He feels that his problems would all be solved if he could only find a job. But life has its difficulties even to the man who is in employment

Listen to what this wife has to say:

"My trouble," her letter reads, "is spoiling everything that makes life worth living and, above all, slowly but surely is ruining my husband's health. It is all caused by the terribly long hours he is compelled to work as a chef in the hotel business. For months during the year he just sleeps at home, as he leaves early in the morning and never gets back until after nine o'clock at night.

"Many a week he works on an average ninety hours, and he is always on duty on Sunday. I simply loathe Christmas, Easter and the other holidays, for I never see him at all. And, in addition to the lonely life I have to lead, I am afraid for his health, because he has to work underground. He gets no sunshine and very little fresh air.

"I am wondering if it would not be better to get himself out of his job so that he would be entitled to the 'dole,' then he might look round to find something better.

"I ought to add that I have been married twenty years, have a nice home and two children."

It is definitely wrong for any man to have to work ninety hours a week. Every hotel or other employment that imposes such conditions should be blacklisted.

NOW, there are two evils mentioned by my correspondent—her lonely life and her husband's health. And they seem to be entirely dependent upon each other.

What, therefore, can be done?

Certainly not the suggestion this woman makes. It would be foolish in the extreme for that man to "get himself out of his job." That would necessitate him doing something that would lead to dismissal, for if he left on his own account he would not be entitled to the "dole."

Taking a step of that kind would result in his losing his character.

There are two better courses open to him. My correspondent tells me they have been married twenty years. In that time I hope they have been able to save a little. Could not they take a small café or restaurant, where her husband's training and experience would be invaluable?

That would also mean hard work and long hours and holiday employment. But the wife would certainly not be as lonely as she is now, and it would also enable her husband to get away from his present underground employment.

THE second course is for him to try to obtain a post in his own line at some other place. I see that he lives on the South Coast. But there are surely other places where the rush would not be so great and the hours of employment more regular. I am thinking of a country hotel or one in a good-sized provincial town.

I hope that my correspondent's difficulty will be solved in one of these ways.

And the all-important question of health enters into my second problem:

"Two years ago," writes this man, "I was promoted to a decent position in my firm, and though I was feeling ill at the time, I struggled hard to carry on. Every week-end I would stay in bed and then go back on Monday morning to my office for the week's work. I felt that, if I gave up, the management would say that the new job was too much for me.

"Then I reached that stage when I could go on no longer. An attack of bronchitis was followed by a diagnosis of tuberculosis. After one year at a sanatorium we came to live here—fifty miles out of London—as we thought it would be better for me. Soon I am hoping to hear the 'all clear,' and as there is nothing in my line locally, I am in a dilemma to know what to do.

"My wife says, 'No more London; the worry of it all would kill me.' Yet employment awaits me there. What am I to do—go on hibernating in this place, which would kill me, or go back to London and kill my wife?"

I CAN understand quite well how both these people feel. The wife, after a terribly anxious time, sees her husband almost strong and well once again.

Naturally, she wants to avoid any step that might lead to a return of the old trouble.

The man, on his side, does not want to stagnate in the country. Restored health has brought back renewed activity and ambition.

He is keen to get back into harness again.

Now, how can these two conflicting outlooks be reconciled? I think there is only one answer.

This man should consult a good London chest specialist. He should tell hi the whole of his previous physic history and then ask him this definit question: "Would my return to my ol occupation be likely to lead to a recu rence of tuberculosis?"

If the answer is "Yes," there nothing for it but for him to make th best of his life in the country. If th doctor's verdict, however, is given in hi favour, the wife should be content t abide by it.

In that event this precaution shoul be taken. Once every six months, or a least once every yea this man shoul undergo a medica examination. Tha would ensure tha should there be an further trouble, step could be taken at onc to deal with it.

It is possible t learn a great dea about the employ ment of other peopl from the letters sen to me. Here is on that comes from th Yorkshire minefields This is what it says

"There are tw methods of gettin coal in the pi where I work. On is by machiner and the other b hand. I am employed in a 'stall where the latte method is used My wife is ver jealous because ou neighbour works o the 'pans' and therefore, earn more money than do.

"But this wor is much more dangerous, and accidents are always o the increase. It i impossible to hea any warning of a dangerous roof falling in, because th noise of th machine is terribl deafening and me have to wor crouched on thei knees all the time in a 3 ft. 9 in seam. Then it i necessary for them sometimes to stay overtime in order to clear all the coal and be ready for the next 'cut.'

"I could get permission to change, but I positively dread doing so. Would you advise me to stay in the hand-got 'stall,' where wages fluctuate, or go for the bigger money and risk the dangers to health and safety?"

THERE is only one answer to this question. My correspondent is the breadwinner. As long as he maintains his wife it is for him to decide what the nature of his work shall be.

He says he "dreads" the idea of changing to the machine method. Apart, therefore, from the danger to his health and his life, his nervous system might also be injuriously affected. No man can do his best work if he is anxious and harassed.

In my judgment, that wife is adopting a very selfish and unreasonable attitude. Her husband's health and safety surely mean more to her than a little extra money.

If she hasn't the decency to acknowledge this, her husband must make her do so in the only way open to him. I advise him to stick to his present work in that hand-got "stall."

Send the problem which causes you anxiety to "Humanist." Write to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Overwork or complete idleness? The man in the white hat must count the cost of giving in

FRANCE, 1915—
And Still in Action

"*. . . I wrote to you for a* JOHN BULL *Pen May* 16, 1915, *to send to France for my eldest son's birthday, and he is still using the same Pen. He would not exchange it for a more expensive model . . .*"

This letter is typical of thousands that we have received from readers in praise of the famous JOHN BULL Fountain Pen. This is the kind of Pen for *you*—you can get one and at the same time save money by cashing JOHN BULL Pen Coupons.

Turn to page 35 now.

SPRATTS CROONERISMS . . . . No. 8

"Don't forget dinner at eight"

Young Tod has become a regular clock-watcher since Spratt's Ovals became his daily feed. Not that he's gluttonous, mind you. But Ovals are so temptingly tasty and so beautifully crunchable, he just can't help getting excited each time another dish of them is due. But of course his master won't forget them, any more than he'd forget to look for Spratt's name on the bag or packet to make sure he's getting none other than the *genuine*—

SPRATT'S

meat fibrine OVALS

Buy in sealed packets, cartons and bags from 5d. upwards.

FREE 100-PAGE BOOK. Write for 'Guide to Dog Management,' which will help you to give your dog expert care and consideration.

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

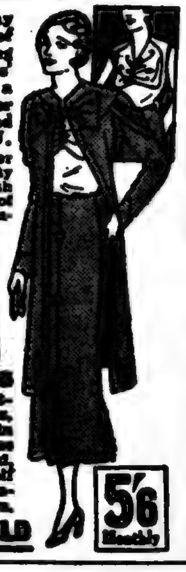
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for the GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

PALM BEACH. Three-piece Swagger Suit with Coat and Skirt in fine quality Art Silk Pique Locknit Fabric, with laid-on circular collar and large bow of self material. Graceful sleeves trimmed with self material loops. Plain skirt with centre seam and buttons down front. Sleeveless jumper of Celanese Suede Locknit. Supplied in the following colour combinations: Rush-Brown/Beige; Saxe/Mastic; Light Navy/Gold; Almond/Beige; Black/Ivory. S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 38in. Skirt lengths: 30 to 36in. 5/6 Monthly. **39/6**



WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free, Costumes, Frocks, Furs, Underwear, Coats, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with self measurement form and all particulars will be sent you per return.

5/6 Monthly

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Let Julysia take care of your hair!

Dress your hair daily with Julysia and see it gain in lustre and health. Julysia fixes the hair perfectly, imparts a brilliant gloss, and contains no gum.

JULYSIA HAIR CREAM

Get a bottle to-day from any good Hairdresser, Chemist or Store. 1/- and 1/6. Sample size 6d.

AND NOW FOR A FRESH INNINGS of BONDMAN!

BONDMAN TOBACCO—because each ounce is sealed in a **Vacuum Tin**—is the most dependable and freshest smoke obtainable. You receive it as it left the factory—at the height of its maturity . . . rich, cool, mellow and satisfying. Try **Bondman Virginia** or **Bondman Empire Blend** to-day!

LLOYDS'

BONDMAN

A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS

10d. PER OZ.

RICHARD LLOYD & SONS LONDON
LLOYDS
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Rich Dark Virginia

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

11½d. PER OZ.

PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

Why DOGS HATE SUMMER HEAT

ALL dogs are miserable in warm weather, but only the neglected few are made to suffer pain and illness. Dogs cannot perspire because their skin is non-porous, and so their blood overheats on every warm day.

Your dog will not come to any harm if you keep his blood pure, but if you neglect to condition him you allow food impurities to accumulate in his blood, and every time his blood overheats these impurities are aggravated and developed. Soon, your dog has a sour stomach and a sluggish liver, and shows his poor condition by scratching, or leaving his food, or being sulky.

Keep your dog fit this summer by correct conditioning—a Bob Martin's Condition Powder 3 times a day on 2 successive days in every week. These famous powders purify the blood, preventing all the common blood disorders of dogs, such as **continual scratching, loss of appetite, dull or loose coat, sulky temper, listlessness, eczema and swellings between the toes.**

2/- boxes of 21 powders ; 6d. packets of 9—everywhere.

BOB MARTIN'S
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Condition **POWDERS**
Keep dogs fit ALWAYS

Libby's
Compressed Cooked Corned Beef

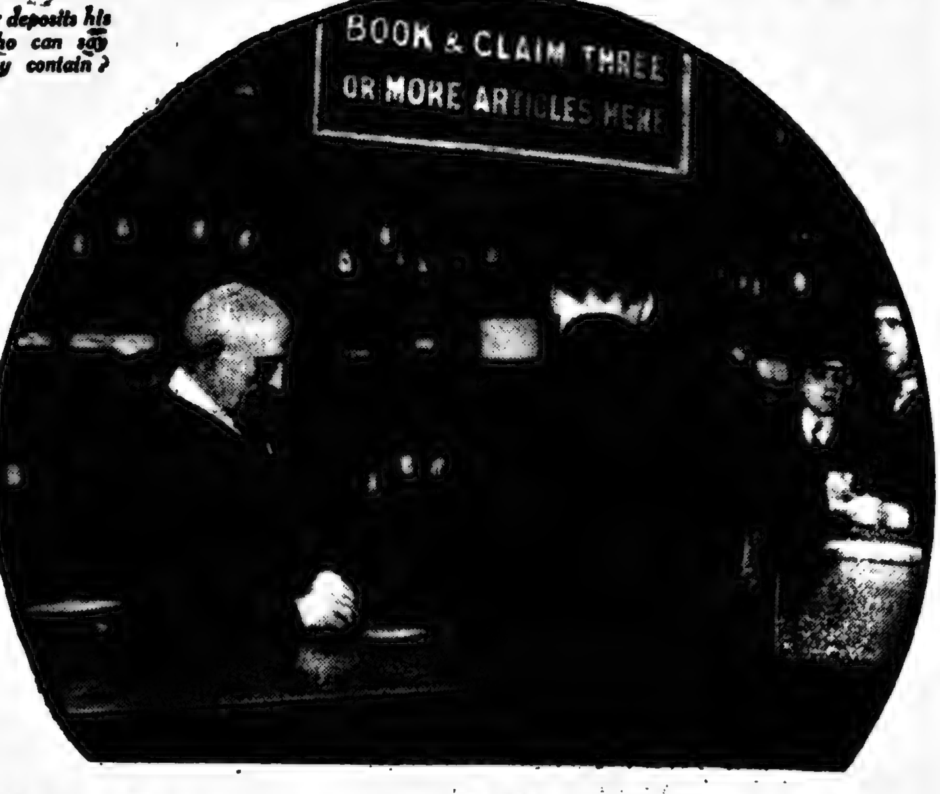
Libby's
COOKED CORNED BEEF

For wholesome and sustaining SANDWICHES

For the picnic meal make delicious and sustaining sandwiches with Libby's Beef. They satisfy the healthiest open-air appetites. Libby's Beef is already cooked—easy for slicing—saves you money as well as time.

All good grocers sell it

LCB 30-109



The stranger deposits his luggage—who can say what it may contain?

Sinister Secrets of the LUGGAGE ROOM

YOU would hardly expect to encounter mystery and drama in the prosaic setting of the railway Left Luggage Office.

Yet every now and then comes a reminder that you will find both there—sometimes a terribly grim reminder, too, like the discovery at Brighton station the other day of an unclaimed trunk containing part of the body of a young woman.

It is not the first time such a gruesome discovery has been made; but there are many other luggage room mysteries which railway detectives and the police are constantly being called upon to investigate, but of which the public hears nothing.

The vast army of people who make use of Left Luggage Offices are not all honest. For years some of our cleverest and most dangerous criminals have exploited the facilities they offer. Some lawless depositors, indeed, have actually evaded arrest through the simple procedure of handing over the counter an attaché case or a parcel and calling for it later when their safety and security were assured!

Marylebone detectives recently dealt with a robbery in their area, where thieves ransacked a residence and got away with jewellery and plate worth more than a thousand pounds.

Finger-prints established the identity of one of the burglars, who was subsequently arrested for another offence and sent to prison. Although he would not give away his accomplice, he admitted that while the police were making their initial enquiries the stolen property had been left at a London station cloak room for "safety," and collected and shared three days later!

Bogus robbery

There is a regular traffic of this kind in the underworld, but crooks only resort to the cloak rooms of stations at which the clerks and porters are kept so busily engaged that they have no time to pay close attention to the appearance of their clients.

One particular rogue, who not long ago figured with two other men in stealing valuables worth £1,500 from a suburban residence, devised an ingenious scheme for using cloak rooms to further his criminal escapades.

With the aid of cleverly forged references, he habitually obtained positions as a footman or butler with wealthy people. After winning their confidence, he would pack certain valuables into a suit-case, take it to a busy station cloak room and post the voucher to an accomplice.

Then he would "report" the robbery, give detectives vague descriptions of the alleged intruders and, at an appropriate time, collect his share of the spoil.

A very valuable cloak room "find" recently helped to solve the death of a woman who passed in the name of "Mrs. Riley" and whose body, crushed and torn, was found at the entrance to one of the caves on the rugged coast of the Channel island of Sark.

The woman had been missing from her London home for weeks, and, after a fisherman had found the body, it was some time before any definite news came to hand as to her identity, or as to the actual nature of the fate which had befallen her.

Insurance tricks

Suddenly a dramatic thing happened. Two suit-cases, which had been deposited weeks before at a local railway cloak room, attracted the suspicions of one of the clerks.

The police officers engaged on the case decided to open these cases, with the result that their contents provided information which, following further investigations, led to the solution of the mystery of her death.

Insurance companies, which almost every day are saddled with claims for huge sums concerning burglary losses, know only too well the use which is made by criminals of the "Left Luggage Office."

In one case certain art treasures, supposedly worth a fortune, were ripped from their frames in a Belgravia mansion. Divisional-Inspector Alum undertook the enquiry and, with some eight picked detectives, did his utmost to find the thieves and recover the treasures.

The insurance company refused to pay. A High Court action followed, and during its hearing, after a chance discovery by Scotland Yard detectives, the treasures were found in the cloak room of a railway station.

They had been deposited there by the thieves at a time when the police enquiries were so "close" that the cloak room was hurriedly selected as the best refuge.

"Cloakroom gadget"

And the crooks had left them there indefinitely because they were afraid to call for them!

Thus another luggage room mystery was solved when a clerk, reading the newspaper reports of the assurance-compensation case in question, realised that the bulky packages which had remained in his cloak room unclaimed for months might be the missing treasures.

A notorious criminal who, with a string of aliases, was recently sent to prison in the assumed name of Major Grenfall, V.C., worked the "cloak room gadget"—as it is called in the underworld—for years without detection.

Grenfall was a train robber. He would take a first-class ticket on a popular long journey express and, as opportunity presented itself, would steal valuable luggage. Then he would alight at a station and lodge his stolen property in the left luggage office.

The beggar's cache

If any hue and cry was raised he would forget all about his ill-gained treasures. But if, as usually happened, he felt it safe to do so, he would calmly collect his ill-gotten booty.

Every year, when unclaimed trunks, attaché cases, parcels and the like, are opened and inspected, some amazing miscellaneous finds are made. Baby clothes, knives, revolvers, jemmies, jewels, are some of the mysterious discoveries. And many of them remain mysteries for ever.

For years a luggage office was used by a notorious beggar, who amassed a small fortune on a pitch he maintained for years near the London Stock Exchange.

This man kept a well-furnished house in the south-west district of London, and left each day ostensibly for his City offices, dressed in smart morning attire and looking a typically successful business man.

Actually, he often broke his journey at a London station, where he would retrieve a suit-case from the luggage office and, retiring to a dressing-room, change into the rags and tatters he affected when assuming his rôle of beggar.

City gentleman!

This went on for years without it ever being suspected that this regular patron of the luggage office was leading a Jekyll-and-Hyde existence.

At night he would return to the station, change back into his smart clothes, leave his case of "professional properties" at the cloak room and proceed homeward as a respectable City gentleman!

His is one of the most incredible of all the strange stories of the Left Luggage Office.

RUFUS BILLS SPEAKS

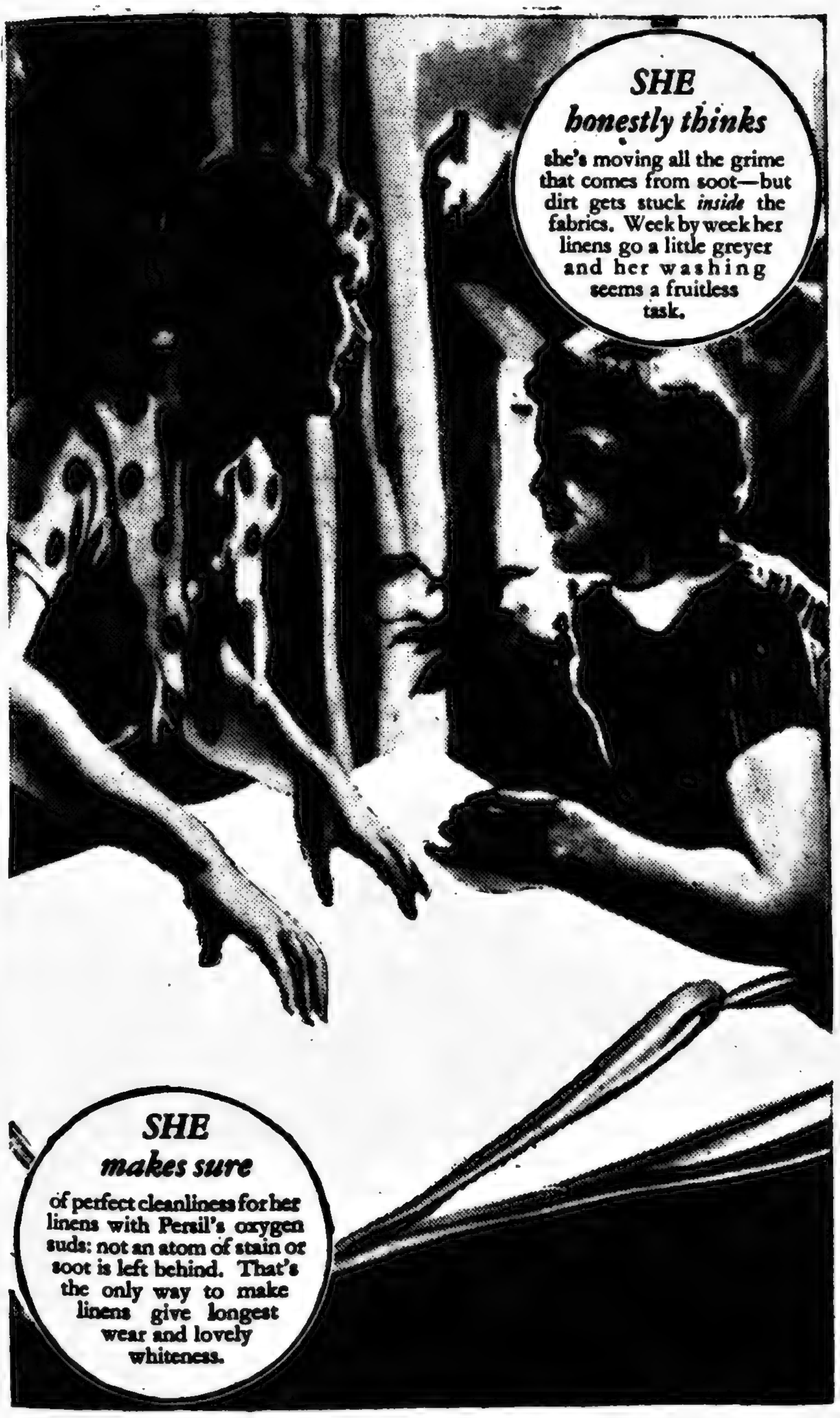
Rufus Bills was once an ice-cream parlour-keeper in Alaska. There he had the Aurora Borealis, now he sees the stars day and night. He is grocer to the film favourites at Malibu Beach—that short million dollar stretch of beach thirty miles from Hollywood. He knows dozens of famous picture celebrities by their first names, and the chats he has with them over canned soup and celery hearts would make plenty of their fans lettuce-green with envy.

Now Rufus Bills has been interviewed, and in an article which appears in the PICTUREGOER SUMMER ANNUAL, *out next Tuesday, July 3, he tells some amazing stories about the stars.*

But this splendid feature is only one of a magnificent many appearing in the PICTUREGOER SUMMER ANNUUAL *— a grand all-star 100-page issue—the finest value for 6d. ever offered to film lovers.*

They both live in a smoky city

BUT OH, THE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR WASHING...


SHE
honestly thinks
she's moving all the grime that comes from soot—but dirt gets stuck *inside* the fabrics. Week by week her linens go a little greyer and her washing seems a fruitless task.
SHE
makes sure
of perfect cleanliness for her linens with Persil's oxygen suds: not an atom of stain or soot is left behind. That's the only way to make linens give longest wear and lovely whiteness.

THERE'S some dirt ordinary washing simply can't shift however much you boil and scrub. Take Mrs. Gray's unhappy looking sheets. Every week a little dirt gets ironed in.

But Persil alone—without extra soap or anything else—makes *certain* of getting all the dirt out. Its safe oxygen and soap action loosens dirt, dissolves it, pushes it right out. That's why Mrs. White's sheets look as dazzling now as when she was first married.

It's the same with coloureds, silks, and fabrics of every sort. The Persil action washes safely, quickly, *perfectly*.

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 476-71-65

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

LOST OVER 4 STONE

A New Lease of Life—Feels 10 Years Younger.

"EVERY WORD OF YOUR ADVERTISEMENT I HAVE PROVED TRUE"

What Delighted Users Say About

'SILF'

Brand Obesity Tablets

THE SAFE WAY TO SLIMNESS.

THOUSANDS of once fat women and men from all parts of the country are enthusiastically praising the wonder-working powers of 'Silf' brand Obesity Tablets—now accepted as the safe and certain way to Slimness. Their experiences prove beyond all doubt that it is now unnecessary for anybody to resign themselves to the tyranny of fatness—or to suffer the Health Danger and Mental Distress without hope of relief. Unnecessary, too, are the desperate and dangerous slimming practices of former years. **For 'Silf' achieves its results without Dangerous Drugs, Drastic Dieting, Body-Straining Exercises or other weakening methods.**

HEALTH IMPROVES AS FAT GOES

As the superfluous fat is banished so does better Health return. As the clinging "rolls" of adipose tissue are removed from overburdened limbs so is activity restored. As the body is freed from its inward and outward fetters of fat so does the system return to its normal functions, the heart beats truly and without distress, weakness and other untoward symptoms vanish.

Once again the Slim, Trim, Figure Lines of Youth return. Once again you find yourself able to wear fashionable and up-to-date clothes! **And once again you are able to enter into pleasures and your daily life with Energy and Enthusiasm.**

LOST 5 POUNDS

After taking ONE Box.

Dear Sirs,—I was 12st. 5lb. fully dressed. After taking 1 box of "Silf" I am now 12st. (in the same clothes). This is marvellous. I had tried many other remedies and tried "Silf" as a last resort. I suffered from headaches and heart palpitation when using other advertised remedies, but every word of your advertisement I have proved true. I feel so fit and it is certainly making me feel a lot younger. I felt it my duty to write this. "Silf" is wonderful, so I am going ahead with it.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) (Miss) E. P.

WAS 13st. 9lbs.
NOW 9st. 3lbs.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing this letter to say how grateful I am to your marvellous "Silf" Brand Obesity Tablets. Only a short time ago I weighed 13st. 9lb., but now I am only 9st. 3lb.

I cannot express my gratitude for this remarkable change for the better, but can only say I will recommend "Silf" brand Tablets to anyone I know who would benefit by taking them as I know they cannot fail.

Yours truly, F. G.

LOST 3 STONE

A New Lease of Life.

Dear Sirs,—I may say how grateful I am to your splendid "Silf" Tablets. Eight months ago I went over 14 stone.

I took everything I could and went without food for days until I was ill. Then I took "Silf" Tablets, and at the present time I go 11st. 7lb., and I feel a new lease of life. I am 46 years and felt I could do nothing, no energy left. I could not even do my housework! Now I dance and feel as young as the new day. I have my usual food. I have not cut down anything. I shall stick to "Silf" and always recommend it to all I know.

(Sgd.) Mrs. M. M.

LOST 2st. 6lbs.

Feels 10 Years Younger.

Dear Sirs,—I cannot help writing you about your wonderful treatment, nor can I speak too highly of "Silf." I was so fed up with my weight and figure—I was 12st. 2lbs.—that I tried everything, including Turkish baths, and spent over £20 trying every possible way to reduce. A friend of mine told me about "Silf" and my weight now is 9st. 10lb., and I feel 21 years of age. I forgot to mention my age is 34 years. Thanking you.

Yours faithfully.
(Sgd.) J. P.

This photo shows the charming sylph-like figure admired by all

7 DAYS' TRIAL

YOU are invited to purchase a 1/3 box of "Silf" (Brand) Obesity Tablets, and if after taking them, as directed, for seven days you are not satisfied that a reasonable course of this remedy will prove beneficial, you may return the empty box to the Silf Company, Ltd., 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, and we will return the 1/3 you have spent.

1/3
3/-
and
5/-

Silf
BRAND
OBESITY TABLETS

You save by purchasing the larger sizes.

From all Chemists and Druggists or post free by sending the price to—

THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 46H)
39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

GUARANTEE

WE guarantee that "Silf" (Brand) Obesity Tablets are composed solely of Pure Vegetable Extracts and are prepared under the strict supervision of fully qualified Chemists. The fact that millions of boxes have already been sold is evidence of the harmlessness and suitability of this tried and tested formula.

Evelyn Lay', the famous Gaumont British Film Star.

A Wonderful Tribute from
EVELYN LAYE

Evelyn Laye, the world-famous film star, says: "It's really amazing, everybody seems to be using Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream nowadays. At first I thought I would defy fashion and try something different, but I could never get that lovely refined matt powder finish that my friends were getting until I used Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. Incidentally, it may be of some interest to you to know that there is hardly an actress of my acquaintance who does not use your wonderful beauty preparation."

POWDER CREAM MIRROR ALL IN ONE 1/-

This price does not apply to the I.F.S.

Every jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. In all popular shades everywhere.

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

Allinson Bread Overcomes
INDIGESTION & CONSTIPATION

" In my opinion, Allinson's is the only bread which overcomes Indigestion and Constipation." V. F., Beckenham.

Thousands of letters received by Allinson Ltd. express the same opinion. Allinson Bread is the most economical and nourishing food it is possible to buy—and, *in addition*, it gives you "health without medicine," supplying you and your family with that invaluable element in wheat which Doctors acclaim as Nature's antidote to Constipation.

Allinson Flour, from which Allinson Bread is made, is milled by the good old-fashioned stone-grinding process from the choicest selected Empire Wheats—rich, ripe, sun-saturated golden grain. No foreign wheat is used. Bake at home with Allinson Flour and see how delicious and appetizing are the results. Allinson Bread is obtainable from good bakers everywhere; and Allinson Flour for home baking from bakers, grocers and Health Food Stores, in 3½, 7 and 14-lb. sealed bags.

FREE GIFTS. A wide choice of valuable and useful free gifts is available in exchange for the paper band from the Allinson loaf, or coupons from flour bags.

FREE SAMPLE

Fill in and post this coupon to the Natural Food Co., Ltd., 210 Cambridge Road, E.2—you will receive in return a voucher entitling you to obtain a full-sized Allinson loaf free.

Name ....
(BLOCK LETTERS)
Address ....
....
Use ½d. stamp on unsealed envelope. U.2.

Showing the Baby!

"Sometimes it is a real silver cup . . ."

It's More than a Beauty Parade Now

THE Baby Shows are here again—more and more of them!

Their "season" begins in earnest with the opening, next Monday, of Britain's National Baby Week.

Each year, we are told, there are more baby shows. They are popular, and their popularity increases. Shows held under the auspices of the National Baby Week Council, for instance, totalled 222 in 1932, and 244 in 1933—and 1934, it is expected, will be a record-breaker.

Some people appear to dislike the baby show. But it looks as though they are in a minority and that the babies and the mothers are for them, on the whole.

The only objections raised have been that jealousy arises among mothers—irritated because their baby didn't get the first prize. It has also been suggested that there is a danger of infection if one of the babies is ill. But in all properly conducted shows, strict precautions are taken to ensure that this does not happen.

And—as for jealousy. Well, there is bound to be a little. There isn't an enthusiastic cucumber or pumpkin-raiser—who has just carried off second prize at the local vegetable show—who doesn't think he should have got the first. But that is no reason for abandoning these shows, which have done so much for the improvement of British horticulture. And in like manner, baby shows, affirm their supporters, will make for the spread of good mothercraft and healthier babies.

Doctors *do* tell

But—there are baby shows and baby shows. The judges should be qualified physicians, preferably those who have had infant welfare centre experience. And the marking of points should be according to a proper standard of values.

The older type of baby show—in which dear Lady So-and-So was the judge, knowing nothing of the scientific methods of appraising a baby's condition, however much she loved them—was the type which gave rise to heart-burnings and dissension. People respect the judgment of qualified doctors—a judgment, we are emphatically informed, which is not based on good looks but on certain essential tests of health and development.

A baby show, it must be remembered, is not a beauty show.

What are the points, then, which the judges bear in mind, as they sit in their ante-room in the big hall, or the marquee at the garden fête, examining the babies which, one by one, are brought before them by their proud but anxious mothers?

Looks don't count

Babies are examined as to their general condition; appearance, weight—weight strictly in relation to height; excessive fat doesn't make a prize-winner—absence of malformation and other blemishes, and so on.

Attention is paid to the skin, muscular system and bone structure, and also to the nervous system—there must be no tendency to "spasms."

Marks are deducted for other reasons, such as mouth-breathing, wheezing, snorting, snuffles—and also if a "comforter" or "dummy" is used.

In other words, the modern baby show, as has been observed by a noted physician who has acted as judge in many of them, takes the view that "a baby is a good baby or a bad baby according to what it does, rather than according to what it looks like."

Careful examination of a number of infants at a large show, on the various points indicated above, would appear more laborious and lengthy than it is in reality. For experience shows that a number are rapidly rejected for obvious defects, thus narrowing down the list of tiny aspirants who will actually compete in the show.

The task of the judges is also made easier by division of babies into classes. This division is usually as follows:—Class I., under one year of age; Class II., between one and two years; Class III., between two and five years. Then there may be special classes, such as one for twins and another for special cases; delicate or premature babies.

Baby shows are usually organised by some body which is specially concerned in infant welfare. It is often the Child Welfare Centre in a town or rural district. Again, it may be a parish church or a branch of the British Legion. A committee is organised, premises and the services of judges are secured, and then the announcement goes forth to the mothers of the district.

Cups—and a cot

Sometimes the competition will be reserved to children whose mothers attend a certain welfare centre or who are members of a church or other organisation. In other cases, it is open to all babies in the district.

Usually the judges are women doctors, but this is no hard and fast rule. First, the babies are weighed, and then follows the careful, skilled scrutiny upon which the marking is based.

And then the show opens, and the mothers are seated in the hall, holding their children upon their knees, some proudly displaying the tag which denotes the winning of first, second or third prizes in a particular class.

And the prizes? They may be anything, according to local conditions. Sometimes it is a real silver cup—like the one father won last year for his roses. Sometimes it is a simple china mug for baby.

In one Northern mining district, where a heavy percentage of the fathers are unemployed, the first prize in Class I. at a recent show was won by a baby which was the fifth child in an unemployed miner's family. The prize was a new baby's cot—and it was the first child's cot this family had ever owned!

But various influential bodies tend to deprecate the custom of distributing prizes. In its stead, they advocate the granting of certificates of merit to all those babies who are awarded a high percentage—say 75 per cent.—of the maximum number of marks. This method, it is claimed, goes far to smooth out personal rivalries between prize-winners and those who have failed, and lays more emphatic stress on the attainment of a high general standard of health, cleanliness and care.

Mothers may learn

But, whether the decision be to award prizes or certificates, it must be remembered that the purpose of a baby show is primarily educational. Judges, while examining children, must comment helpfully to mothers upon the condition of their child, and proffer advice. Reasons for awards of prizes must be carefully given, so that healthy babies may be recognised as a standard by the other mothers in the rearing of their children

In some cases, when the show is restricted to babies whose mothers attend a welfare centre, mothers are also examined in "mothercraft." As they have been attending the centre for some time, it is possible to verify progress made in the care of their children. Prizes or certificates for mothercraft are also awarded.

Baby shows, we are assured, are becoming more popular, both among parents, among lovers of babies and among those professionally interested in child welfare—doctors, nurses, social workers.

The baby show can be made an agent for the education of parents. And also it may be made a means by which the provision of adequate means of child care and nutrition among the poor may be impressed upon those who would sacrifice the future health and stamina of our race to a niggling and false economy.

DO YOU KNOW . . . what you can lawfully do if your neighbour is noisy? This and thousands of other legal problems are solved in the *Universal Home Lawyer*—JOHN BULL'S great Free 25s. Birthday Celebration Book for every reader. Turn at once to pages 2 and 3.

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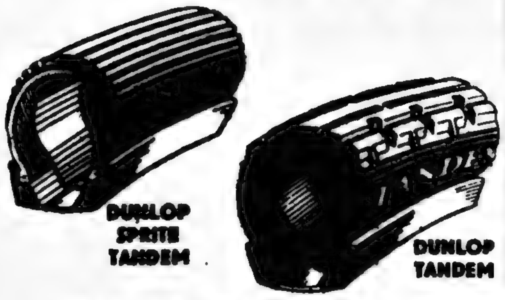

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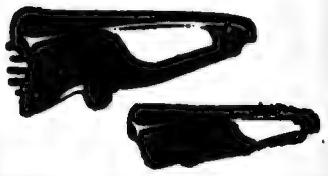

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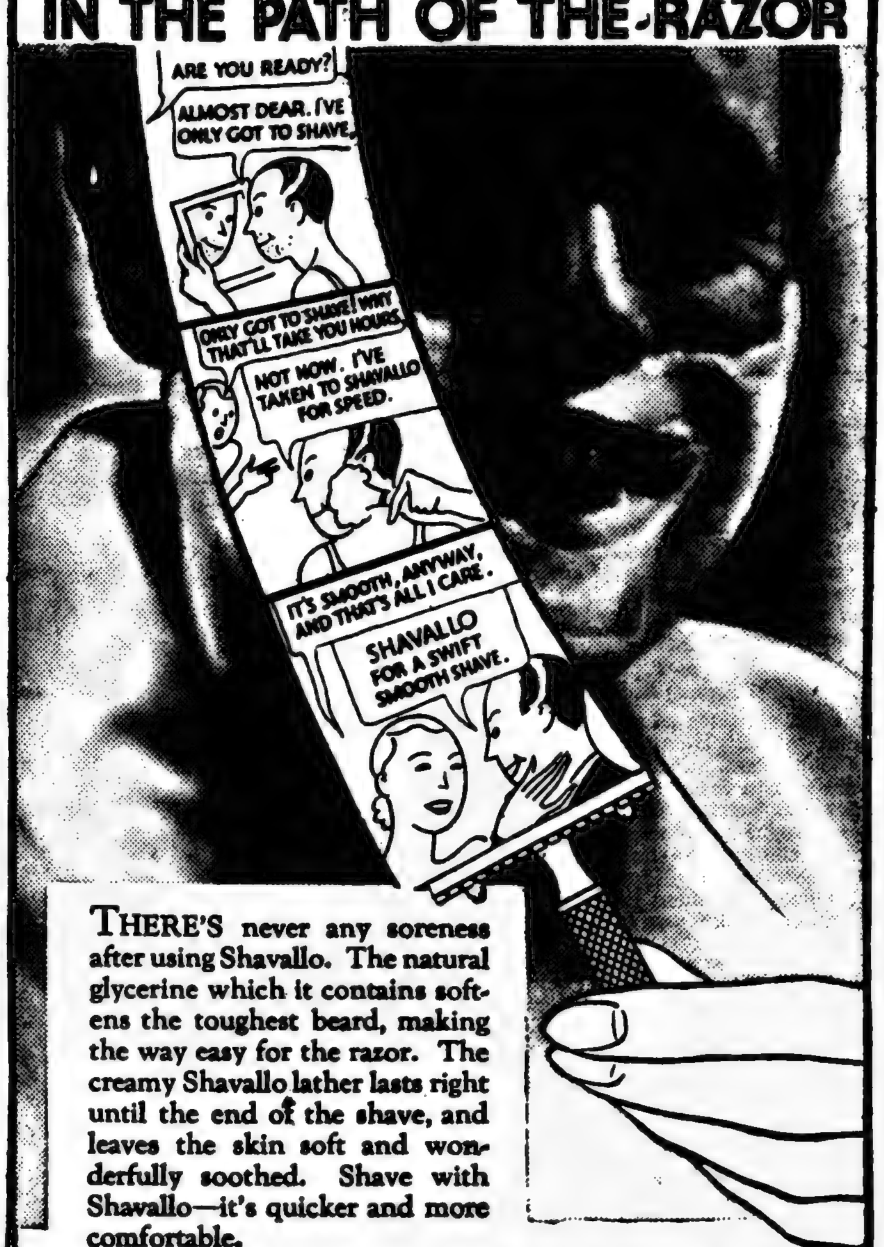
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NOT NOW. I'VE TAKEN TO SHAVALLO FOR SPEED.
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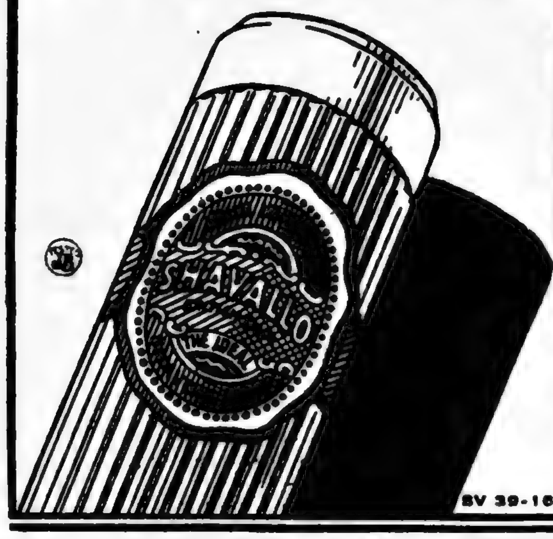

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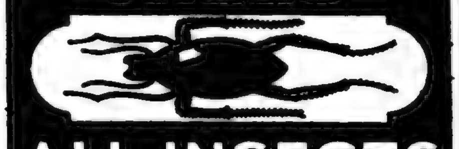

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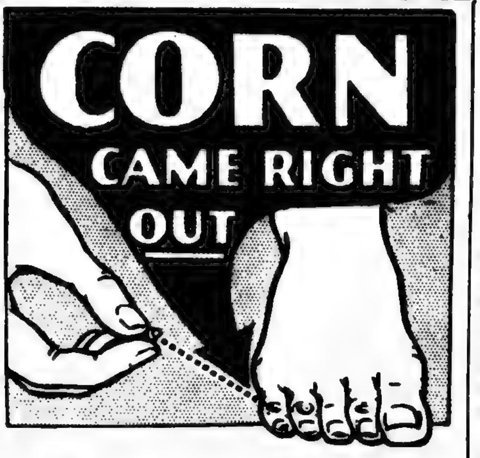

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50, Bristol Street, Newport, Mon.
Sirs,
For years I have suffered with a nasty corn. After using Reudel Bath Saltrates the corn came right out. I enclose the corn and you are welcome to it (if it is any use to you), as I am more than pleased to get rid of it.
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. S. DURANT.

Just ten minutes of your time and a handful of triple-oxygenated 'Reudel Bath Saltrates'. Dissolve in hot water; rest the feet in it and you will be thankful for the instant ease. The oxygen carries special corn-loosening salts right down to the root so that it soon comes out as easily as the hull from a strawberry. Your money refunded immediately and without question if you are not satisfied.

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE

If quick relief from corns and foot troubles is desired, on no account must 'Reudel Bath *Saltrates*' be confused with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' and see you get the *YELLOW* packet.

REUDEL *Pronounced ROO-DEL*
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1/6 & 2/6 Large YELLOW Packets

RHEUMATISM

Nerve-numbing drugs may deaden rheumatic pain for a time, but they are powerless to eradicate the clusters of uric acid crystals which torture your muscles and cripple your joints. There is one remedy which dissolves these needle-like crystals as easily as water dissolves salt, it is Bishop's Varalettes. Give them a fair trial and they will soon rid you of pain and stiffness completely.

Prices: 1/6, 3/- and 7/- per bottle.

Write for Booklet containing Dietary Chart and an Offer of a 30-days' Trial Treatment.

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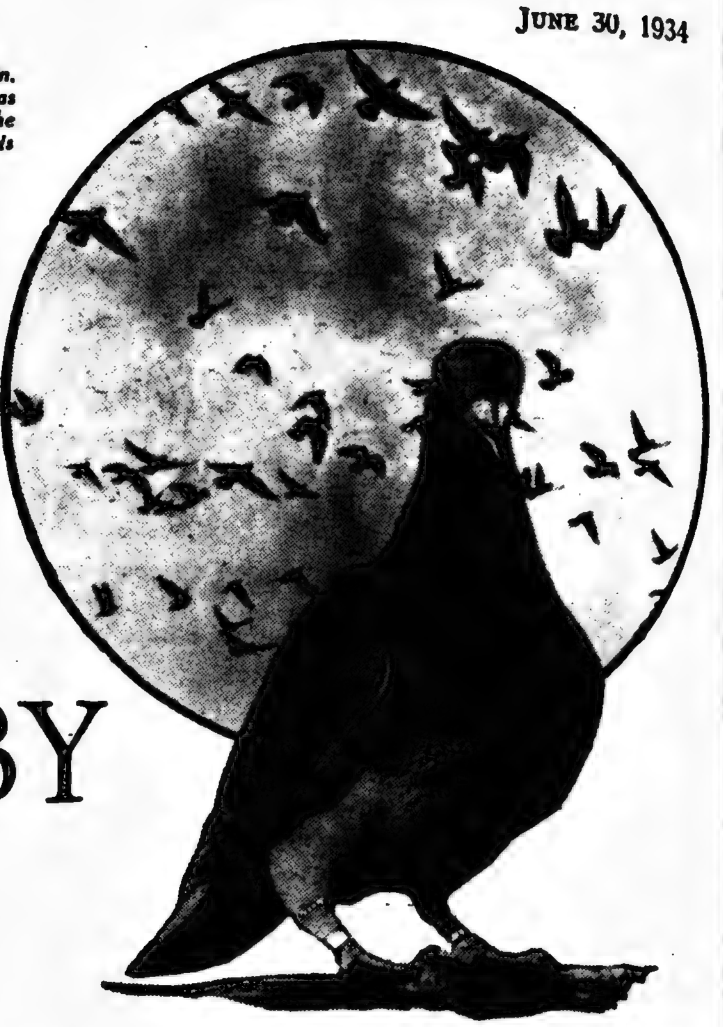
A DERBY of the SKIES



Wings over Britain. "Here is a race as keen, as clean as the air through which it is flown"

THE Eyes of Britain will be on the sky on Saturday, September the First! They will not be watching the slow, sinister patrol of bombers, or the flashing wings of fighting 'planes, dipping and darting on their mock errands of destruction.

For on that day in September the skyways will be the highways of a host of peaceful racing pigeons—hundreds of thousands of them—speeding to victory or graceful defeat in the great Pigeon Derby of 1934.

It is an event that will long remain memorable for all who participate in what has fittingly been described as "the world's straightest sport."

From 2,000 points in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales vast armadas of winged messengers will mount upward, circle, point their wise heads towards home, and steer a course of roughly 150 miles over town, city and open country to journey's end.

A fortune will be at stake in this thrilling Derby of the Skies. There is £5,000 in cash to be won in prizes and "specials" — plus a magnificent Gold Trophy to the owner of the champion bird of the day.

Never before in the history of pigeon-racing have such hordes of messengers been united in such an epic race for such colossal awards.

Members of 50,000 clubs scattered throughout these islands are already agog with enthusiastic anticipation. Believe it or not, but over 5,000,000 young pigeons will have been born this year, and the pick of them will take the air on September 1.

Here is a race as keen, as clean as the air through which it is flown. Democratic, too. Birds belonging to the King will speed side by side with the entrants of some of the humblest of his subjects.

The £225 bird

The King has a very fine "loft" of pigeons down on his Sandringham estate and among the several trophies which he presents to the pigeon world is a challenge cup to the King's Lynn Club, of which he is himself a member.

One thing is certain—and that is that news of this spectacular Derby of 1934, with its unprecedented prize awards, will draw more and more adherents to what is a sport-pastime comparatively inexpensive, and one which makes an irresistible appeal to the Briton's sense of fair play.

Did you realise, for instance, that a team of twelve racing pigeons can be kept in a state of fitness compatible with entering any race, whether sixty or six hundred miles, at the infinitesimal cost of two shillings a week?

A suitable pair of stock racing pigeons can be purchased at the modest figure of between £3 and £5.

And, great or small as may be the investment, the opportunity, not only of success, but of profit, too, is always knocking at the loft door!

Some years ago Mr. J. B. Joel paid the record price of £225 for a single bird—the winner of the San Sebastian Race. But since that time this champion bird has added magnificently to its stock loft, and has been the forerunner of hundreds of prizewinners.

Holding the skyline

So, therefore, those who have never pigeon-raced before, those who are already thrilled in anticipation of the excitement of the Pigeon Derby of 1934, may commence now to enjoy the delights of a universal hobby.

By August they will be the proud and happy owners of young birds fit and competent to race home from distances of sixty miles and beyond.

Since the war the growth of pigeon-racing in this country has been phenomenal. And steadily it goes from strength to strength.

Incidentally, during the dark dread days of 1914-18, the pigeons nobly held the "sky-line" for the Allies. The romance and realism of their service has been fittingly told by the late Lieut.-Col. A. H. Osman, who reveals that at the end of the war 150 British mobile lofts, with complete equipment, were used on active service on the French and Italian fronts.

At home in England the coast was dotted with a network of lofts for pigeon-carriers. What stories could, and have, been told of their link with the Secret Service plot and counter-plot; of perilous trips over trenches; of ocean flights from warship, minesweeper and trawler.

Over 100,000 pigeons passed through the hands of Lieut.-Col. Osman alone. To this legion many a lost patrol must owe its lives; through its agency many a crisis was overcome.

And every bird supplied to the British Services during the war was given free by patriotic fanciers.

Now, in the Peace, the pigeon serves man loyally and well in his grand sport. Pigeon-racing has grown to astonishing dimensions. So much so that more than 200,000 working men find joy and relaxation in sending white wings over Britain.

The magnitude of the hobby may be gauged from the fact that, this season alone, over £3,000,000 of money will be circulated in the varying spheres of the sport.

In the North and Midlands the pastime is the "other topic of conversation" in the back garden, in the tavern, in the street, wherever men meet. The children are growing up to love it, too.

Pigeon-racing is an "industry" as well as a sport.

A fact which the railway companies were quick and eager to realise. Huge sums are paid to them annually for conveying the birds to the releasing points.

A few years ago the companies embarked on a campaign of building specially constructed pigeon-vans at a cost of £2,000 each. The enterprise has amply repaid them for the original outlay.

There is the manufacture of leg-rings. This year's racing demands a supply of well over a million.

Fortune in it!

And food. The chief diet on which these athletes of the air are trained is the maple pea, grown in Tasmania and New Zealand. Over 100,000 tons are used every year by pigeon owners.

But the Sport's the Thing! So on to the great Derby of the Skies of 1934!

The Gold Trophy awaits a proud winner. The dazzling prize array of £5,000 is guaranteed by the *Daily Herald,* and the whole of the profits will be devoted to charity.

Readers of JOHN BULL who are pigeon fanciers and who wish to participate should apply to their club secretaries for registration forms or write direct to the Secretary, Pigeon Derby, 222-5, Strand, London, W.C.2.

There's a fortune in the sky for someone on September 1!

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side Slips."

Evening Sentinel:—"A presentation to the Alderman of a beautiful oak casket and SCHOOL."

Eastern Evening News:—"Definitely as far as Cromer is concerned the beach pyjamas have BONE."

Largs and Millport Weekly News:—"Several hundreds of day DRIPPERS were in the town on Monday."

Harrogate Herald:—"A swarm of 20,000 BEETS settled on the front gate of a house."

Daily Telegraph:—"The only other British CART in the race had to be withdrawn through gear trouble."

Belfast Telegraph:—"All Wales is hoping he will one day be champion heavyweight of the WORD."

Stirling Sentinel:—"From a wreath of pearls and orange blossom fell her GRANDFATHER'S wedding veil."

Bath and Wilts Chronicle and Herald:—"As a matter of fact if they have any live PARTRIDGES or war curios . . ."

Bournemouth Echo:—"This, the Chairman said, should be a warning to any class of people who went to cinemas to BEHAVE themselves."

Evening Despatch:—"The gelding won all NIGHT."

Derby Evening Telegraph:—"He LUNCHED broadside to the right and then to the left."

Hampshire Telegraph and Post:—"Regulations should be made to prevent dirty and DECEASED persons using the pool."

The Hindustan Times, Delhi:—"—— and his associates, who are established in their headquarters here, are completing PLANKS to kidnap ——'s daughter."

Your FAVOURITE PLAYER'S

H. SUTCLIFFE (YORKSHIRE)

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The series comprises 50 cards depicting such well-known cricketers as R. E. S. WYATT, K. FARNES, W. J. O'REILLY, W. HAMMOND and many other famous Players whose feats on the field give continual enjoyment to cricket-lovers.

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Strange Fact about Your Stomach's Behaviour

How the Stomach manifests its objection to certain foods.

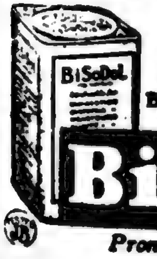
Are you one of those who do not like fat? Perhaps even the thought or mention of it "turns" your stomach. Of course this seemingly conscious objection on the part of the stomach is the result of nerve reactions. But it is nevertheless a fact that the stomach does not and cannot assimilate fat, although it helps to render the fat into an assimilable state.

The final assimilation of fat, and also starchy foods, such as potatoes, white bread, puddings, pastry, etc., takes place in the intestines. Now most digestive suffering is due to difficulty in digesting fat and starch. That is why nine out of ten sufferers need *more than an ordinary stomach remedy.*

Complete Treatment gives Complete Relief

A trial of 'BiSoDoL' will quickly demonstrate the superiority of a remedy which helps a weak digestion ALL THE WAY. For 'BiSoDoL' not only gives instant relief from stomach pain and suffering, but it positively strengthens intestinal digestion and actively aids in the assimilation of fat and starch.

TRY 'BiSoDoL' and you will realise what a stride science has made in the conquest of indigestion and gastric trouble by the discovery of this *complete* remedy.



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Pronounce it By-So-DoL

£1,050 Won In Crossword Competition No. 263

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following five competitors, who share the £850 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £170 will be sent:—

W. Brookshaw, Crewe Hall, Crewe, Ches.
Mrs. B. W. Cadd, 111, Oak Street, Wolverhampton.
F. Ings, 232, Ducane Road, London, W.12.
Mrs. K. Simmons, 29, Parkhurst Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.
H. A. Turner, 24, Beedale Avenue, Marton, Blackpool.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize, must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 10th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 51 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 19s. 3d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

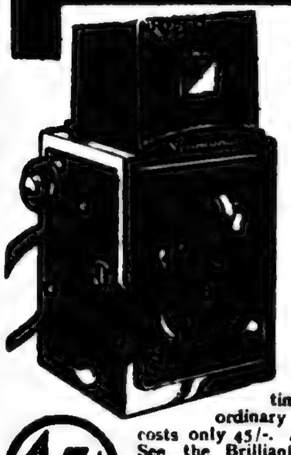
In addition to the above cash awards, each of the competitors sharing the Runners-up Prize will receive a Bonus Award value £2—a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our contest.

Bonus Winners in Crossword No. 261

One hundred and seven competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of 18s. 8d. have been despatched.

Another splendid Crossword with a splendid first prize of Life Pension of £5 a month, £300 Cash, and a yearly holiday cheque for £25, together with increased prizes for Runners-up, appears on page 36. Try your skill now!

12 photographs for the price of 8



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HYDRAULIC PROCESS

revolutionises tyremaking. Tread absolutely uniform. No distortion of cord casing. 18 months' guarantee. Each tyre carries our trade mark, a Dog's Head—"Terrier," "Whippet," "Scotty," "Greyhound," "Bulldog." Prices, 8/- to 8/-. All Sizes.

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Information for all who shave.

THE PERFECT BLADE IN THE MAKING

The specially tempered Stead razor blade blanks are fed on to an endless belt and automatically ground. It is imperative that every blank be ground with the same precision, as the slightest variation in the width means the difference between a perfect shave and an indifferent one. All Stead machinery is supervised and adjusted by highly skilled workmen.

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YOU CANNOT DO BETTER THAN GET THE BEST

7 Blades for 6d.
in a wallet.

Buy your wallet on the way home.

Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Book Stalls and all good Chemists and Dealers stock them.

THE HERBAL REMEDY FOR
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Psoriasis, Eczema, Leg Ulcers, etc. Removes all trace completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. A proved success over 40 years. Write for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover and full particulars of our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.
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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

My Jolliest HOLIDAY Memory

I MADE many interesting discoveries during my jolliest holiday last year.

The garage needed recovering; the gate had a list; the fence was going bad for want of creosoting; a pram-wheel buckled, while the house-bell only rang spasmodically.

A long-distance 'bus-driver, it was great to have a whole fortnight at home, and pottering round my own patch was a welcome change from answering the many questions of holiday-makers.—*"Tim," Castletown.*

No *"Tinned Stuff"*

Only those who have lived their lives under a tropical sun can appreciate the joy of return to a temperate climate. Shortly after my return to England from India I spent a holiday at a South Coast resort. It rained nearly every day; but how I revelled in it!

The cool caress of wind and rain on my sunburnt cheeks as I walked across the downs was sheer delight, and gave me an appetite for the good English fare after a lifetime of the "tinned variety."—*A. B., Purley.*

Busman's Holiday

One summer, because mother was ill, I gave up my holiday to stay and help on the farm, where we were expecting guests for the week-end. That "working holiday" was the jolliest I have ever had.

Among the guests was a boy I immediately called "Freckles"; he didn't seem to mind, in fact, he was soon calling me "Mary."

He helped me so much during the day we had time for walks in the evening, while one day I let him "save" me from our very tame bull. We have had nearly forty holidays together since, but none so jolly as that one.—*Mrs. H., Penge.*

New Angle

As paying guest on a canal boat, I had the jolliest and most novel holiday of my life; a long care-free picnic meandering through our marvellous water-ways, midst beautiful and ever-changing scenery.

One day in rural England, the next at some busy industrial town, my camera was in constant use. Also I had some of the most interesting and jolly evenings at quaint country inns swopping tales, and drinks, with men of another age.

The smooth, restful travel in my "water-caravan" was a tonic and an education. I saw England from a new and beautiful angle.—*B. A. H., Sussex.*

Week Afloat

My jolliest holiday memory might have been a stage production of the famous "Three Men in a Boat."

The thrill of packing, with its inevitable tale of mislaid brushes, lost shirts and cooking utensils; the excitement of "embarking," and, finally, the week afloat on the Thames, must be experienced to be appreciated.

It was a holiday I hope to repeat many times in the future.—*A. B., Forest Hill.*

War Pals Again

I spent the jolliest holiday of my life at Hastings, ten years ago. One day I went to see a pierrot show. I heard a tenor voice that I had listened to twice nightly for over a year in France.

That was followed by a conjuror who used to be a fellow artiste with the tenor and myself in the divisional concert party at Albert during the War.

I went "backstage" and found that five of the party were old war pals. I "joined up" again for the duration of my holiday.—*T. C., Brighton.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, July 3.

"My Greatest Sacrifice"

Good Old Days

It is more than half a century since my jolliest holiday. We went to Scarborough in a double-horse "brake." We saw the pierrots, ate shrimps with tea; flashed eyes at the boys, many of whom had side-whiskers, though but lads. We had a ride out to sea in a boat, and—a never-to-be-forgotten tit-bit—a waxwork show.

Young people to-day with their motor-bikes and speed-boats do enjoy themselves, but I doubt if they do so more than we did in those long-since days with simpler pleasures.—*"Grannie," Sunderland.*

Sports Joke

I accompanied a friend of mine to some village sports, and we found, upon our arrival, that the contests were open to anyone who cared to enter. As might be expected, there were some tremendous "fields," and my friend—who is a famous runner—decided to enter, for a joke.

There were four of these open races, in each of which he romped home first in grand style.

When he finally disclosed his identity, it was comical to see the faces of the runners-up when they found themselves the recipients of first-prizes.—*"Harrier," Birmingham.*

Happy "Uncle"

As a newspaper "Uncle" I was privileged to organise and conduct an outing for poor children patronising my column. Many of the kiddies were having the first outing of their lives.

And how they enjoyed it all! Jolly games in the sunshine, a luscious "spread" in an ancestral hall, and then presents for all.

It was my jolliest holiday memory, for, as I walked incognito amongst my "nieces" and "nephews" I felt that I had done my share in distributing such happiness.—*"Uncle," Staffs.*

Lucky Accident

For the first week of our camping holiday in the Welsh mountains my pals and I had a great time, despite the fact that I was handicapped with a crippled leg, a deformity I had suffered since birth.

Then disaster, quick and sudden, befell us, for I fell from a crag and was taken to hospital with both legs broken.

The accident, however, proved to be the best thing that could have happened to me, for the doctors were able to straighten my crippled leg, and make a 100 per cent. man of me again.—*R. H. W., London.*

"Mum" Missed

In spite of the warnings of my friends that sleeping under canvas at my age would kill me, I set off with twenty girl guides to spend one of the most happy weeks of my life, teaching my charges the joys of camping, the splendour of Mother Nature unspoiled by man's inventions, and true companionship.

I returned fitter than ever, to a more appreciative hubby and thoughtful son, who, whilst enjoying the fun of "doing for themselves," were right glad to see me back.

My jolliest memory was the thought that "Mum" had actually been missed. —*"Captain Mum," Essex.*

Volunteer Driver

In 1926 I had planned my holiday early, but the day before I was due to start the General Strike commenced. At first I was disappointed, but realised I could enjoy myself, and, at the same time, be useful by driving an omnibus. I volunteered and was accepted.

I have had many holidays in different parts of the country, but that in London will always remain in my mind as the jolliest. The spirit of comradeship with which one met was splendid and the experience a pleasant one to remember.—*C. W., Surrey.*

* * *

When we spent a quiet holiday las August having tender thoughts of th little stranger on the way to us, an now we have him to share our futur holidays.—*Mrs. K., Leicester.*

A charabanc outing I had last ye in the company of a number of o school friends when I visited the o home town after an absence of over te years.—*A. J., Selly Oak.*

When I went to Paris with a part from evening school French Class, an we joined French students of Engli in our jaunts.—*Miss E. R., New Cross.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Richest Prize of the Year

THE least said about Ascot, 1934, the better. The penciller who told me that he always regarded the Royal meeting as a clearing house for his debts, if any, certainly had the laugh!

The Ascot Stakes is a key race for the Goodwood Stakes and the Cesarewitch. I cannot believe that Hands Off is going to emulate the feat of Noble Star and win all three. Perhaps Roi de Paris, Negro or Tuxedo will come to the rescue.

Caymanas cantered away with the Hunt Cup. The form must be accepted; but if he meets some of his victims in the Cambridgeshire, the longer distance may be against him.

I noted the forward running of my Code selection, Rentenmark. He was just beaten out of a place and was going better than anything towards the end of the race.

If he comes into the Cambridgeshire ante-post lists at 33 to 1, I suggest a wager may prove remunerative.

To add coals of fire, Hyperion was dethroned in the Gold Cup.

We have Sandown Park this week-end, but the meeting is overshadowed by the July fixture which features the Eclipse Stakes. Worth round about £12,000, the prize is the tit-bit of the year.

Windsor Lad may endeavour to credit the Maharaja of Rajpipla with the spoils, but he will have a hard nut to crack in King Salmon.

My selections for the June Sandown meeting are Cotoneaster for the June Rose Handicap, Abbot's Last for the Robert de Witville Stakes, and Tresillian for the British Dominion T.Y.O. Plate.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 28, to Wednesday, July 4.

Q	C	93	B	94	M	R	98	T	F	O	A	P	U	X	Z
H	J	I	95	E	D	W	N	96	G	S	K	V	Y	97	L

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O98S2A94W would read SNOOKER.

Weak Kidneys disturb your sleep

"Every Picture tells a Story"

YOU can't go on day after day handicapped by backache, urinary disorders, getting up at night and rheumatic twinges. Probably the trouble lies with the kidneys. Get them working actively with the help of Doans Backache Kidney Pills and you will cease to be a martyr to rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, renal dropsy, and bladder weakness.

"Laid up every Summer"

Mr. J. Goode, Ansley, Nuneaton, Warwicks, says:—"Kidney complaint laid me up every summer. During my last attack I was in bed a fortnight with fearful pains across my back and loins. The kidney excretions caused burning pain and were scanty.

"Medicine did not seem to touch the trouble, but Doans Backache Kidney Pills made me quite well and have kept me so.

(*Signed*) J. Goode."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist Upon Doans BRAND Backache Kidney Pills

No agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

LETTER COMMISSIONS

WINNINGS BY RETURN.

1/-, 2/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-

UP TO ANY AMOUNT

MAY BE INVESTED BY LETTER

in accordance with rules.

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race WILL BE ON at FULL STARTING PRICE (or Totalisator Odds if desired).

Registered letters must be posted overnight.

GREYHOUND RACING

Commissions accepted for all meetings licensed by the N.G.R.C.

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE

FOR SINGLE EVENTS.

FREE POSTAGE

EVERY COMMISSION ACKNOWLEDGED WITH STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

———USE THIS COUPON———

Please send Greyhound Rules and Long Odds Future Events Price Lists. I am over 21 years of age.

Name ....

Address ....

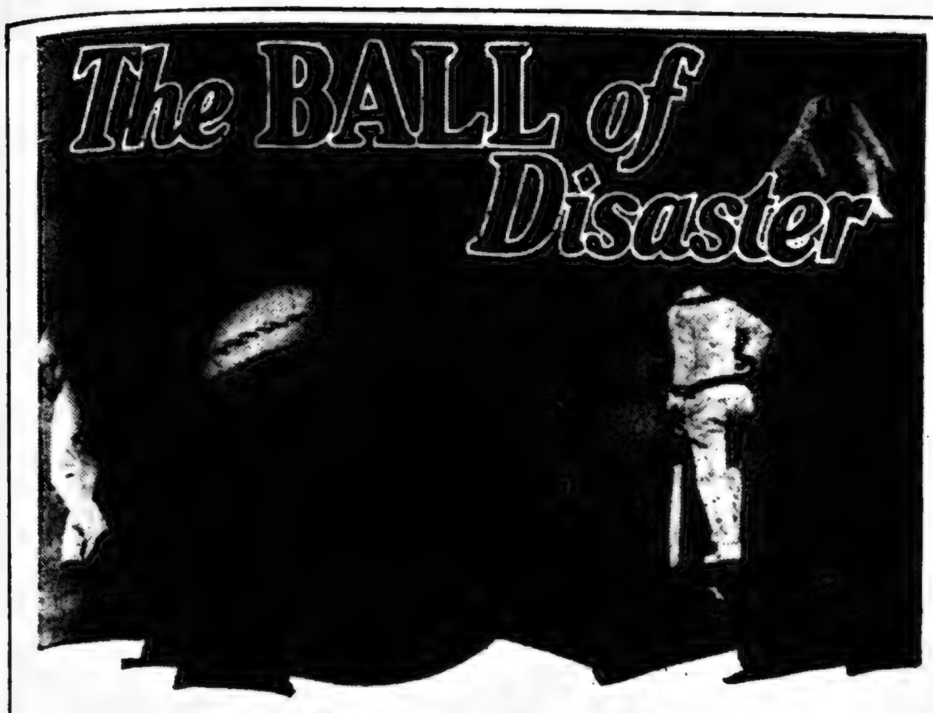
Town ....

County .... J.B.

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H MAURICE Ltd

327, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2



Perils of the Cricket Field

HE took up his position in front of the wicket and prepared for the next "over." He was ready. He saw the bowler take a run. The ball came hurling down the pitch. He raised his bat to strike, but then something happened . . . he felt a terrific blow on the jaw and dropped to the ground.

This in brief is the sudden catastrophe that befell Mr. A. J. Burt, of 37, Theobalds Road, West Croydon, Surrey, who, whilst batting for his cricket club, had his jaw broken by the ball.

JOHN BULL'S CHEQUE

Mr Burt, as a registered reader of JOHN BULL, has received from JOHN BULL a cheque under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift. JOHN BULL pays generous benefits for accidents on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, Accidents in the Home and Garden, and Children's Accidents. Moreover, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper in this country to pay Benefits for Sickness and to safeguard the home against the dread perils of Fire, Storm and Flood Damage. JOHN BULL is also the *only* paper to add a 10 per cent. bonus to benefits paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

You never know when you or a member of your family may be glad of JOHN BULL'S generous and practical assistance. An accident in the home, while working in the garden, or while at play on the sports field, and sickness, too . . . who knows what to-morrow may bring?

Get your pen right away and sign the forms below at once . . . that is all you have to do to be covered by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift. You could not obtain similar protection from an Insurance Company for less than £2 2s.—it is yours *FREE* from JOHN BULL.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..

Address..

....

.... Date..............................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 30/6/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....

Reader's Signature.

Age..............................

Address..

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent..

....

.... Date..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 30/6/34

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT PEN OFFER

VALUE 3D Cash the Coupons

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

Over £1,250 "Bullets" Holiday Cash—See page 39.

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NO EXTRA CHARGE

Regular Daily Services to all parts of the United Kingdom.

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from VICTORIA COACH STATION

164 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON S.W.1

OR ANY COASTAL OFFICE OR AGENT

BULMER'S COMPETITION RESULT

The following have each been awarded a SOLID SILVER CIDER TANKARD for their replies in the third Bulmer contest. Details of another Bulmer contest are announced on page 14.

Mr. D. H. Adams, "Cee Brest," Woodthorpe Drive, Nottingham.
Chas. R. Banks, 317, Granville Rd., Sheffield, 2.
Mr. F. Baxter, 157, Minor St., Failsworth, nr. Manchester.
W. H. Beard, 12, Perth Rd., Plaistow, London, E.13.
Mr. R. F. Blood, 36, London Rd., Greenhithe, Kent.
R. Burgoyne, 5, Hows Close, Uxbridge, Mddx.
J. R. Chaplin, Woolpack Inn, Kettering, Northants.
F. W. Chamberlain, 4, Allerton Rd., London, N.16.
Harry Cheetham, 7, Sandbach Ave., Wilbraham Estate, Fallowfield, Manchester.
Mrs. Christie, 5, Novar Crescent, Kirkcaldy.
Mrs. H. R. Clinch, 730, Garratt Lane, Lower Tooting, S.W.17.
Mr. A. J. Clausen, Hayfield, Lerwick, Shetland Is.
Ernest S. Cole, 37, Wick Rd., Brislington, Bristol, 4.
R. B. Darby, 51, Chisholme Rd., Croydon.
Mr. Geo. Davidson, Lisnamulligan, Hilltown, Rathfriland, Co. Down, N. Ireland.
I. O. Dobinson, Dinsdale, Clarence Rd., Llandudno.
C. G. Dunster, Doomsday, Clowes Wood, Blean, nr. Canterbury.
Flt./Sgt. Farran, 16, M/Qtrs., Royal Air Force, Biggin Hill, Kent.
S. L. Filer, The Bungalow, Tredegar.
Percy Franks, The Nook, New Birmingham Rd., Tividale, Tipton.
Frank Fowler, 85, Washwood Heath Rd., Birmingham 8.
R. W. K. Godwin, 2, Abbey Rd., Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
Mrs. Nell Gwynne, "Sheepcote," Clifford, Hfds.
F. Holdcroft, 169, Bank Hall Rd., Acres Wood, Burslem, Staffs.
Mrs. A. M. Hardie, 8, Oakdene Ave., Erith, Kent.
Geo. Hobloft, Sutton-on-Trent, Notts.
Major R. Jeffery, 131, Oval Rd., East Croydon, Surrey.
Mrs. K. Jenkins, Penylan, King's Hill, Hengoed, Glam.
T. Legg, No. 2 Battery, Dungeness, Kent.
H. J. Little, 25, Butterworth St., Swindon, Wilts.
Mrs. S. Nancarrow, 55, Nelson Rd., Leigh-on-Sea.
Robt. S. Phillips, 9, Duffryn Terrace, New Tredegar, Mon.
W. Powell, Lower Winser Cottage, Rolvenden Layne, nr. Cranbrook, Kent.
Mrs. F. A. Prior, 86, Convamore Rd., Grimsby, Linc.
J. Roach, "Mechtilda," Rowan Ave., Urmston, Manchester.
Charles Ross, Brow Cottage, Overton, Ellesmere, Salop.
William Ross, 27, Gray St., Aberdeen, Scotland.
W. Saddington, 1, Garlic Row, Cambridge.
Jas. Sadler, 16, Egerton St., Runcorn.
Geo. Stubbs, 81, Cambridge Crescent, Teddington, Mddx.
R. W. Sylvester, The Briars, Stein Rd., Southbourne, Emsworth, Hants.
Joe Smith, 251, Ince Green Lane, Lower Ince, Wigan.
Arthur Temple, 33, Springdale Rd., Stoke Newington, N.16.
A. L. Williams, 19, Arundel St., Liverpool 8.
Mrs. M. Whitehouse, 4, St. Michael's Place, Aberystwyth.
Mr. H. P. Walley, c/o British Oxygen Co., Ltd., Millbrook, nr. Southampton.
A. Wood, 4, Temperance Fold, Beeston, Leeds 11.
"Wessex," Yeading Gardens, Hayes, Mddx.
Mr. J. W. Yates, "Rose Mount," Foundry Lane, Belper, Derbyshire.
James Young, 6, Queen St., Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire.

WATCH FOR DETAILS OF A FURTHER OFFER BY BULMER'S 50 SOLID SILVER CIDER TANKARDS FREE

(SEE PAGE 14).

RASH ON HANDS OF DRY NATURE

Very Sore and Painful. Healed by Cuticura.

"I had a rash on my hands of a dry and scaly nature. It was very sore when it began to crack and was also very painful. It caused a lot of restless nights through irritation and it caused me to be out of work as I was not able to bend my hands.

"I was treated, but it had no effect. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. It did a great deal of good so I bought more, and now I am completely healed, after six years of my complaint." (Signed) Miss I. Dominy, 87 Knighton Rd., Itchen, Southampton, Hants., Eng.

Give Cuticura Soap and Ointment the care of your skin.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1. [illegible] Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.

Accept this FREE OFFER!

BROWN & POLSON'S invite every housewife to accept a free copy of an excellent book, "Simple Home Cookery," containing useful and invaluable recipes for Summer dishes. Write at once to Brown & Polson, Ltd., Dept. 81, Paisley. A postcard will do! Be sure to mention "John Bull." See p. 23.

Just a minute, please! You're bound to find something of interest and value on page 18.

SOLVE 'JOHN BULL'S' X-WORD AND WIN THIS HUGE 3-'IN'-1 HOLIDAY PRIZE!

£5 MONTHLY LIFE PENSION AND £300 AND £25 YEARLY HOLIDAY CHEQUE

Commencing August 1, 1934

...OR ONE FINE LUMP SUM OF £600

£100 BONUS AWARD FOR RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVE TWO 6D ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP **£150**

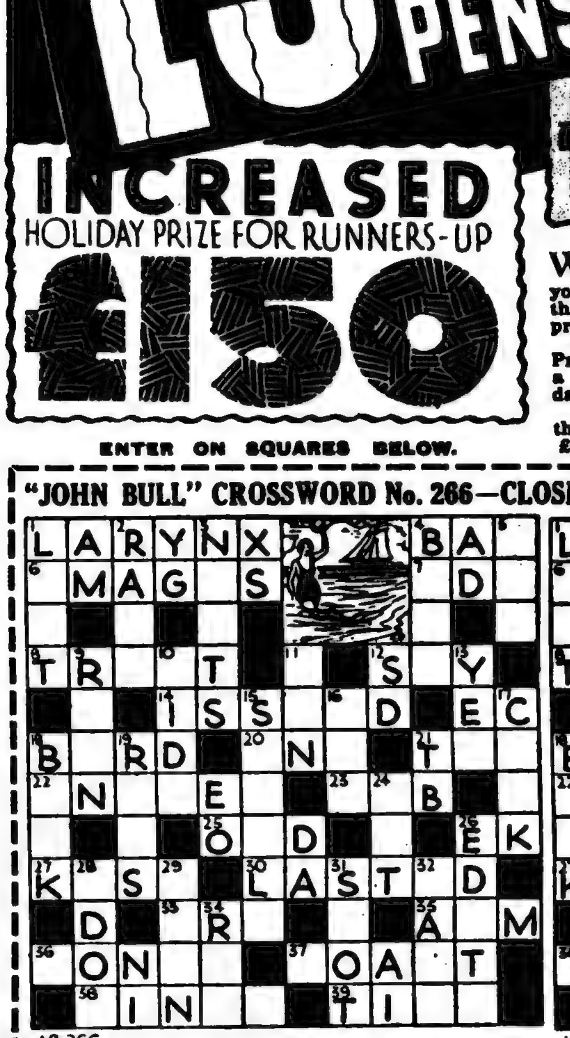
WHY not let "John Bull" foot your holiday bill? The lively puzzle our Compiler has prepared for your entertainment this week can solve not only this year's holiday problems, but *all* your holiday problems for life!

Three big attractions in one form the fine First Prize—a £5 monthly Life Pension, £300 cash and a free £25 holiday annually for the rest of your days, commencing this year.

In addition to this huge holiday award, note that the cash for Runners-up is now increased to £250, to be divided as announced on this page.

ENTER ON SQUARES BELOW.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 266—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1934



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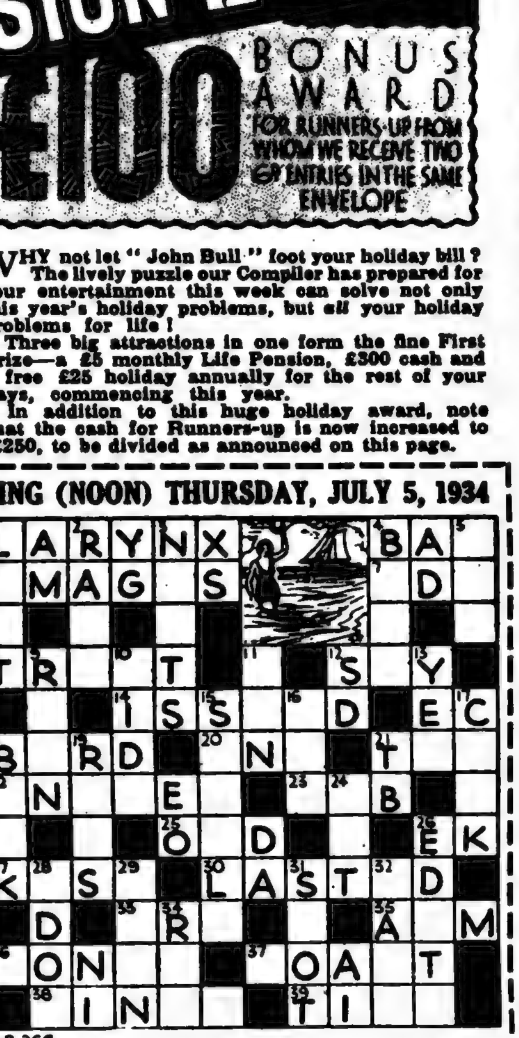


J.B.266

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value........No....................

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares **6D.**

SIGNED..

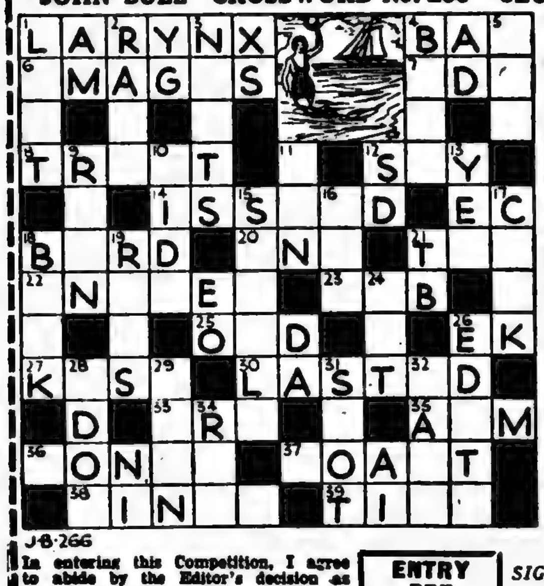
ADDRESS..

....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 266—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1934



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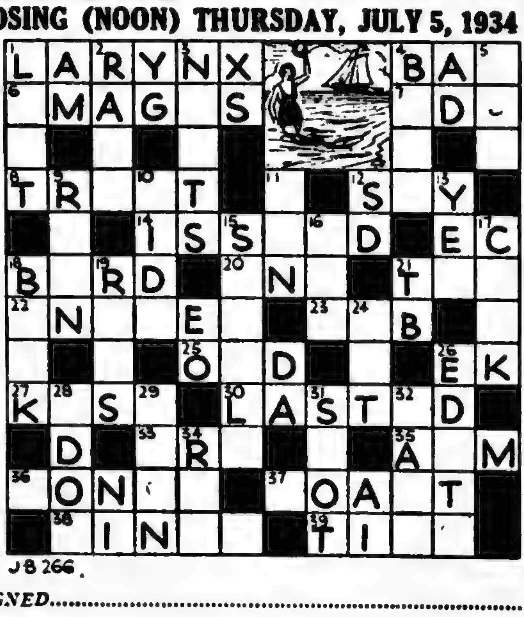


J.B.266

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value........No....................

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares **1/-**

SIGNED..

ADDRESS..

....

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 266, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

£5 A WEEK, £1,000 AND CAR NEXT WEEK'S X-WORD GIANT

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £5 a month, £300 Cash and a Holiday Cheque yearly of £25 (or a lump sum of £600) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution.

An increased Holiday Prize of £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution.

An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope.

Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 12, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 19.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. The vocal cord
4. Where drinks are served
6. Idols
7. Fuss
8. Gives pleasure to school-children
12. Bashful
14. Notes are, by Bank of England
18. Builds nest in tree
20. Indefinite number
21. It takes this number to make a quarrel
22. Not put into use
23. Receding tide
25. Describes this Clue Number
27. Sweethearts' greeting
30. Endured
33. Before
35. Point a gun
36. Provides her with fur
37. Customs often get smugglers on this
38. Useful for embroidery work
39. Are worn with collars

DOWN

1. Has queer effect on passenger's stomach
2. Results when motorist refuses to give way
3. Are closely studied by nature students
4. Is often taken lying down
5. Good captain can prevent it
9. Heavy gun-fire causes it
10. Lends assistance
11. Holiday is dull without this
13. Tree usually found in church-yards
15. Jockey's seat
16. You see with this
17. Makes things light
18. Heavyweight's chief asset
19. They ruin silk fabrics
24. See you don't get caught when you do this
26. What an editor does
28. Something that's worshipped
29. Perceived with the eyes
31. A bull's-eye is this
32. You take this after work
34. Makes dark kind of bread

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, July 5.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 19, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 31, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £600 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

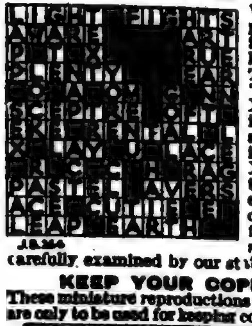
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

Solution of "John Bull" Crossword 264.

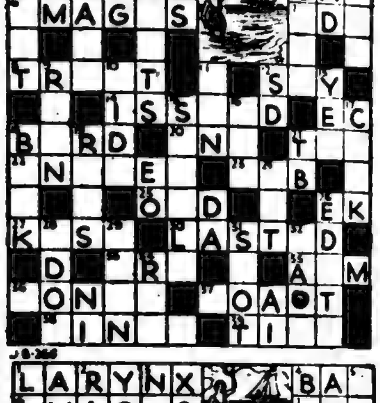


J.B.264

Winners in 263 on page 33. Result of 264 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 264 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solution



J.B.266

J.B.266

J.B.266

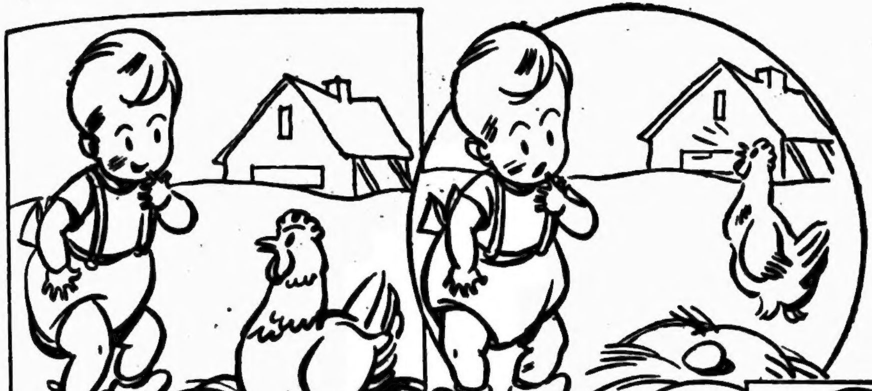
J.B.266

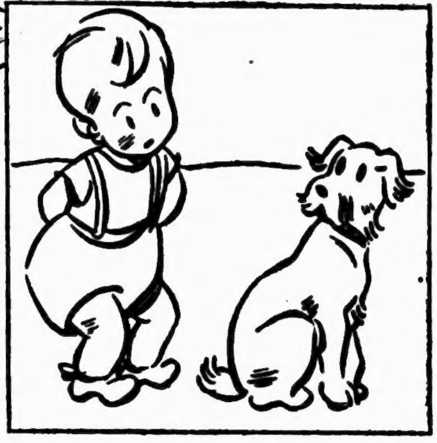
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

FREE HELP with "John Bull's" Puzzles awaits you in the Crossword Gazette. Register on Bulletin coupon in "Bullets" page.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST





The KID

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

TEACHER (Swansea).—"I give the children half-finished sketches to complete." They draw their own conclusions?

B. N. (Derby).—"He deals in skins and hides." What does he want to hide for?

D. A. (Hove).—"Is there anything quite like this year's jazz tunes?" Yes, last year's.

MRS. C. (Carshalton).—"My cook is six feet eleven inches tall." She will stay long, anyway.

AMUSED (Widnes).—"A girl recently married a Rugby footballer named Try." She'll probably convert him.

* * *

Mrs. L. (Ripon).—"What will I need for a journey to Africa?" Practically everything you forget to pack.

* * *

N. D. (Frome).—"What is worse than a baby who is cutting its teeth." Twins doing ditto.

T. B. (Henley).—"I camped out by the riverside at Whitsun." A bank holiday, as it were?

E. B. S. (Sutton).—"What is the explanation of all this divorce?" This marriage.

S. S. (Blackwater).—"I never mow my lawn or weed my garden, as I consider it is a crime wilfully to destroy plant life." Are you a bachelor?

M. H. (Finchley).—"How my husband gets his hands clean after working in grease is a mystery to me." The solution is soapy water.

ANGLER (Deal).—"There is no prettier sight than fish travelling in schools." But aren't you annoyed when you hook one from the kindergarten?

H. G. (Bedford).—"The spectators groaned with disappointment as the cricket ball slipped through my upraised hands and fell to the ground." Did they hope it would fall on your head?

PSYCHOLOGIST (Bloomsbury).—"Children live in a world of 'make-believe.'" Not when there is any doubt about having had their pocket money.

* * *

C. C. (Clapton).—"I ve got a beastly cold in my head." Don't grouse. Even if it's only a cold, it's something.

* * *

DESIGNER (Bond Street).—"The coming fashion for women will be open-work trousers." Our small nephew has been wearing open-work trousers for years.

E. T. (Plumstead).—"What we want is a Government that can put the country straight." Then things would be much easier for small boys who have to draw maps of it.

STOUT (Wigan).—"Do you happen to know anything about the new reducing chewing-gum which my friend recommends?" Yes! it becomes smaller as you chew it!

T. G. (Birkenhead).—"The young man in love should not allow himself to be put out by any discouraging remarks made by the girl's father." Or, of course, by that gentleman's foot.

* * *

Business Man (E.C.)—"I know several financiers who keep aeroplanes simply for appearances." They can also come in useful for disappearances.

* * *

E. T. (Streatham).—"When lightning struck a suburban villa recently several windows were smashed, but no one was hurt." The family merely imagined that father had rushed off to catch the 8.20 in a particularly bad temper.

M. J. (London, N.).—"Purple is the shade of the barriers in a London suburban station." They harmonise nicely with the colour scheme of the traveller who has just observed the 8.20 steam into the platform, has another hundred yards to run, and whose sock-suspender has slipped its moorings.

S. A. (Atherstone). — "Well, that's that." That always is.

B. M. (Luton).—"A wife can't ask more of her husband than his love, a comfortable home and a car." Oh, can't she?

H. S. (Mayfair).—"I own some priceless paintings." We've been told that ours are of no value either.

D. J. (Carshalton).—"The sight of the Crystal Palace always makes my young son pensive." Thinking of his catapult?

FOND OF READING (Pimlico).—"I intend to make the hall of my house into a library." Booking your passage.

PARENT (Lowestoft).—"There are two opinions about raising the school-leaving age." Not amongst schoolboys, though.

BRIGHT (Torquay).—"I never pass a stranger without giving him a cheery 'Good morning.'" Even in the evening?

P. Y. (Clapham).—"The birds understand me when I speak to them." Then we shall be glad if you will warn them not to touch the seeds in our garden.

GRATEFUL (Worthing). — "The fire brigade arrived within three minutes of the call being given." Warm work.

* * *

J. M. G. (Hampstead).—"Big families are not possible nowadays." No, think of ten children in the nurseryette of a flatlet.

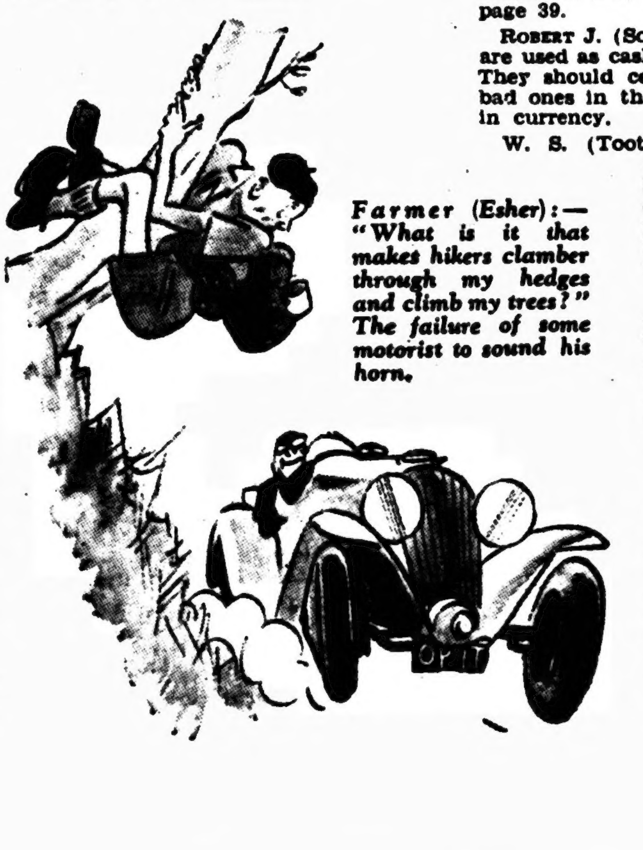
* * *

F. L. (Balham).—"An explorer has found a tribe in Brazil that eats ants." That's a good reverse of the usual picnic situation.

D. S. (Hammersmith).—"A colony of nudists have as a hobby the preservation of wild plants." They draw the line, however, when it comes to looking after the nettle.

DOT (Windermere). — "A Hollywood cameraman says that during his career he has had to photograph some very odd objects." He didn't tell the stars that, of course, or he would have lost his job.

C. H. (Brighton).—"All the people in the boarding-house are passing remarks about my fiancée and myself just because we show a little affection in public." Familiarity breeds comment.



Farmer (Esher):—"What is it that makes hikers clamber through my hedges and climb my trees?" The failure of some motorist to sound his horn.

B. D. (Dudley).—"Man's first food was meat." We thought it was milk.

T. M. (Tring).—"'I am studying the habits of wasps." Then perhaps you can tell us what happens when one settles on a nettle?

D. C. (Honiton).—"My small son insists on describing an old shed in the garden as 'The King's Palace.'" A long and successful career as an estate agent is indicated for the lad when he grows up.

* * *

Spade (Bootle).—"What is it we so often covet that belongs to our neighbours?" Almost any gardening implement!

* * *

AUCTIONEER'S WIFE (Wandsworth).—"My husband strikes me at the slightest provocation." Perhaps he's used to knocking down for next to nothing.

AMATEUR DETECTIVE (Andover). — "I found a tangled mass of wool on my bedroom floor and cannot imagine how it got there." We hope you will unravel the mystery.

S. C. (Porlock).—"A Texan woman, I see, told her husband she would not live with him another day, and he shot her." He was anxious to make sure that she wouldn't.

ADVENTURER (Gravesend).—"First I was a circus performer, then a butcher, and now I play the piano in a public-house four-ale bar." You are determined not to leave the sawdust, anyway.

* * *

N. W. (Poplar)—"There's absolutely no place nowadays where one is sure of constant employment." What about a prison?

* * *

G. R. J. (Liverpool).—"Knowing where to go isn't *my* holiday problem." But do you know where to go for the money? There are fifty answers to that teaser on page 39.

ROBERT J. (Southampton).—"Fresh eggs are used as cash in some parts of China." They should certainly prove better than bad ones in the event of a sudden drop in currency.

W. S. (Tooting).—"In court recently a man was stated to have been drunk and disorderly while wearing plus-fours and a bowler hat." The charges were taken separately.

DAVID (Hammersmith).—"I add five new words to my vocabulary daily by studying the dictionary." Another method is to take up punting and deliberately crash into a barge.

MUSICIAN (Kensington).—"A new invention allows a learner of the violin to go through all the motions playing without producing a single note of music." We know one or two learners who do that with an ordinary violin.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

How YOU can end the Agony of ULCERS

Aren't you *tired* of that endless throbbing PAIN? Aren't you *weary* of hobbling about the house, a drag on others and a misery to yourself? And isn't it time you *stopped* spending money on useless treatments that *might* cure you—but never do?

Well, you can *end* all that pain, misery and expense—TO-DAY! GERMOLENE, the 'Magic Ointment,' is a remedy whose efficacy has been PROVED by countless former sufferers. Germolene Ointment will bring to *you* the same instant soothing, permanent healing that it has brought to so many others. Read this:—

"Two months ago I fell and caught my leg. It began to spread and run, and within a week turned to ULCERS. After trying 8 weeks to cure it, my husband brought home a tin of Germolene. WITHIN ONE WEEK it is completely healed!"—Mrs. Brown, 12, Warwick Crescent, Paddington, W.2.

Why go on suffering? You needn't. Get

Germolene

Brand **ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1/3 & 3/-**

Feel how nagging pain *stops*—in ONE MINUTE! See how quickly Germolene brings perfect, permanent healing. Get your tin of Germolene Ointment to-day.

JB

ENJOY BETTER CIGARETTES

Roll your own—in A.G's, you not only save money but your cigarettes will taste better in this chemical free paper. What's more, you get all the flavour of your tobacco if rolled in A.G.—the *thinner* paper that *is* pure. Insist on A.G's; they cost no more, and you are sure of getting the best. Start now! *A.G. fits all machines and gives the best results.*

AG *The better paper for better cigarettes.*

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey - Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J G GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

5/2 now

Sample Offers for Men and Women!

Don't overlook the special offers made by the Shavex-Zeekol Co. on the Back Cover. Men who have not yet experienced the New Shavex method of shaving are invited to cut out the coupon for a free sample tube. Women who have never tried Doge Cream, the new complexion restorer, are given the opportunity of securing a free sample tube in return for the coupon appearing in the advt.

Other offers appear in the advt. in which samples of Zeekol Ointment and Pills and, if required, a sample of Zeekol Medicated Soap can be obtained by cutting out the coupon.

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 23in. Racing Hubs quick release Wing Nuts. Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain Dunlop Endrick Rims. Marsh Level grip adjust Handle bars, Racing Pedals. Caliper Rear Brake. Middlemore's Racing Saddle Hold-all Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD SHEFFIELD

6/- NOW

Supplied Maroon, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

★ A FREE BOOK FOR MOTHERS

Changeable weather is dangerous for delicate babies—sometimes it's hot, then it's chilly; milk often differs; and now light evenings are drawing in. All these factors combine to make the time an anxious one for mothers, especially young mothers of first babies.

A common-sense handbook of over 100 pages, which deals with all problems of food, clothes and welfare of a young baby, is published by Nestlé's. If any reader would like one, just send a postcard with your name and address clearly written on it, to—Nursery Expert (Dept. J.B.), NESTLE'S, 6 and 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. Write for your free copy NOW!

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Treatment.

Skin Soft as Velvet.

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world..."
(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD., (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.2.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

POISONED SYSTEM AND RHEUMATISM

Mr. FOSTER, 40 Hill Street, Cobridge, Stoke-on-Trent, writes:—"I was suffering from a **Poisoned System** caused through assisting to make **Poison Gas** for the war. This developed into **Rheumatism.** I was reduced to 7 st. 8 lbs., was a complete wreck, and thought it only a matter of time with me. A friend advised me to take Vitadatio, and thank God I heard of it, for it made me a new man. I now weigh 11 st. 6 lbs., can walk miles, and feel better than I ever did."

Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores. 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in United Kingdom.) Special 21/- bottles, for export only, post free. From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

10 YEARS SUFFERING FROM GASTRIC ULCERS

Ended by one Bottle of Macleans

Really, these letters about Maclean Brand Stomach Powder are amazing. Here is a case, that of Mr. E. V.........., of Northam, Southampton, who suffered for 10 years from gastric ulcers and "felt a new man" after one bottle of Macleans. This is what he says:

"I suffered for 10 years with Gastric Ulcers and nothing seemed to ease it; I was always changing my doctor but nothing did any good. At last I had to go to the hospital for an operation for ulcer, but even after I was discharged from hospital the pain returned after a few weeks. Then I was advised to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and after taking one bottle I felt a new man. I am pleased to say I am quite cured and can eat anything."

In view of the thousands of cases like this, why does anybody go on suffering from indigestion without giving a trial to this marvellous Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

PILES

NEGLECTED, MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS OPERATION

Many people suffer in silence untold agonies, constant brain-wearying irritation and pain caused by piles, simply because they have never discussed this trouble with even such a confidant as their chemist. If you are a sufferer, make up your mind to ask your chemist about the wonderful preparation Man Zan. This clean, simple-to-use remedy is just marvellous in the quick way it stops the maddening irritation, allays inflammation and, persevered with, banishes the most serious form of this agonising trouble.

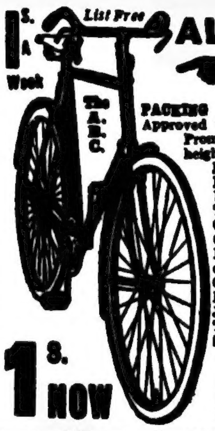
Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is no ordinary ointment, but a special preparation solely for those with pile trouble. It is prepared in a special nozzle applicator tube, making it simple and clean to use. Sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/-.

ManZan
BRAND
PILE REMEDY

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean and heal raw, sore Kidneys. Cystex starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex is guaranteed to cure you or money back. Only 3/- from Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists, or Williams, 81 R. Lamb's Conduit-st., W.C.1



1s. A Week List Free

THE ALL BRITISH CYCLE

SENT FOR 1/- PACKING FREE, CARRIAGE PAID to Approved Orders. AN AMAZING OFFER! Promise 2/- fortnightly and state your height and inside leg measure. Best All British Materials and Best All British Manufacture for Easy & Safe Riding, Etc. DUNLOP Champion Tyres, Rims, Saddle, Etc. All Complete. Guaranteed 50 Years. Gent's 79/6, Ladies' 89/-. Worth Double. Free Accessories. Delight or Money Back. FREE Bargain Catalogue Ladies' and Gent's Models, Racing, Sports—Tourists, Juveniles, Etc. All at Reduced Terms—The Lowest obtainable in the British Isles.

1s. NOW

PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 10HR. **HASTINGS**

CAN MEN AND WOMEN LIVE TO 150?

Has science discovered the lost secret of Methuselah? An Oriental herb which stimulates the ductless glands and positively brings new vigour, new life, new strength, which ends depression, anæmia, melancholia, neurasthenia, sleeplessness and loss of power. Write for amazing free booklet, to International Laboratories, 41, Smedley St., S.W.8.

GROCER gets that £1,000 FEELING

Winner's Talk with "John Bull" Man

FOUR years ago a prize of £200 was won in our *Bullets* Contest by Mr. C. Talbot, Ovillers, Fairview Avenue, Earby, near Reading. His successful effort was: ON THE SPOT—"BRASS HAT"—IF FIREMAN.

To a young grocer's manager in Reading it seemed a lot of money to win for a few simple words, so he made up his mind to try some *Bullets* himself.

That decision has never been regretted by 29-year-old Mr. C. H. Simms, 47, Beauvoir Road, Reading—and to it he owes the £1,000 smile which he displays on this page to-day.

One recent Friday afternoon, you see, a telegraph messenger came hurrying into the grocer's shop which Mr. Simms manages for his father. And the message brought him the staggering news that he had won our 940th First Prize, taking £1,000 for his striking effort: DEBTS—ENDLESS NOUGHTS—WORLD'S "CHAINS."

* * *

In a chat with a JOHN BULL representative, Mr. Simms traced his *Bullets* career right back to his first entry in 1930. "I started with a shilling's worth of 'tripe,'" he said with a smile, "and most of my early efforts were pretty feeble."

Then he produced a pile of letters from the Competition Editor, each of which had been accompanied by a *Bullets* prize.

"This is the one I'm proudest of," he said. "It came with my first 'Target'—three weeks after I started *Bullets*."

With that prize and letter Mr. Simms received a complimentary copy of JOHN BULL'S free weekly *Bullets Bulletin*.

"I have taken the *Bulletin* ever since," Mr. Simms said. "One of its pages is worth ten pages of any dictionary to a 'Bulleteer.'"

Whenever he was not busy serving in the shop, Mr. Simms would take up his *Bulletin* and spend the time juggling with words or searching for ideas.

Slowly but surely he progressed. "Targets" gave way to half-crowns and other awards until one day his name appeared as a £2 10s. winner in JOHN BULL.

Six months later he won a similar amount, and last Christmas he found himself promoted to Second Prize rank. A few more months' striving and now he has reached the top of the *Bullets* ladder.

The actual making of his £1,000 effort was easily recalled by Mr. Sims.

"I started off with the first half," he explained, "and worked on an idea which came to nothing.

"Picking up the *Bulletin* later," he continued. "I was reconsidering that *Example* and absent-mindedly scribbled a row of noughts in the margin. There was my *Bullet*—and those noughts were worth a thousand pounds!

"I remember telling my mother that *Bullet* was a winner as soon as I made it. But those four figures simply staggered me, all the same! What plans have I made? Well, I am going to have a splendid holiday first of all and leave the bulk of my prize-money safely invested for the future."

* * *

What of your future? Would not that £750-plus-Radio First Prize offered on the opposite page turn it from grey to gold?

What of your holiday this year? Would not any of this week's fifty fine Holiday Prizes make all the difference to your week by the sea? Get busy on your *Bullets* this evening!

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 941

FIRST PRIZE, £500, MOTOR CAR AND RUNNING EXPENSES FOR TWO YEARS, OR £750 CASH

Mr. A. R. HARDY, 72, Westgate, Grantham.

Example:—WHAT PARLIAMENT DOES
Bullet:—TALK—AND "NOBODY BETTER."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. STANDLEY, 17, Lumley Road, Redcar.
Example: Never Works
Bullet: Long. Working Too Long.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. P. P. HYDE, Passage West, Co. Cork, I.F.S.
Example: Silent House.
Bullet: Hearts "Hammering"—Doctors "Fighting."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

W. H. BARRY, Norwood, Comber Road, Dundonald, Belfast.
What I'm Looking For—Work—Kissed Politician's Baby!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

P. R. EVANS, c/o Mrs. Rugg, 53, Church Street, Lyme Regis.
Ideal Wife—Accepts Mother—And Motherhood.

A. FRANK, 37, Avenue Road, Bournemouth.
Her Reply—"No"—"No"—"No"—Nod!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

E HARRISON, 32, Blake Crescent, Mansfield, Notts.
Hopeless Case—Communism's—*That's* "Common Property."

W. A. LAMBERT, 12, Cumming Street, Pentonville Road, London, N.
Girl On The Beach—Shameless—Or Less Sham?

Mrs. MARSH, 257, Railway Street, Nelson, Lancs.
Her Father's Rich, So—She Gets Cheap *Flattery*.

C. MASSEY, 353, Chatsworth Road, Chesterfield.
No Better—Than Road-hog, Pig-headed Pedestrian.

Miss M. PRUDDERHAM, 141, Broad Street, Birmingham.
Killing Time—Bridegroom Studies Burial Service!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. SELHURST, "Crosslands," North Road, Midsomer Norton.
What Parliamant Does—Works *Death* To *Itself*.

Mrs. SMART, 10, Brierley Drive, Alkrington, Middleton, Manchester.
After The Wedding—Relatives, Nuisance—"Uncle's" Useful.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. M. BARKER, 145, Otley Road, Harrogate.
Getting Nowhere—"Turning Down" Every "Opening."

Mrs. E. BRYER, 50, St. James Street, Taunton.
What I'm Looking For—Socks—Shirt—Stud—Revolver!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

M. E. BUTLER, The Square, Brill, Bucks.
What Parliament Does—Provides—"Club"—*Pays* Members!

Mrs. E. CAMPBELL, 13, Beulah Crescent, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
When Dad Plays Cards—Scowls "On Every Hand."

E. B. EVANS, 105, Boundary Road, East Ham.
Sensation In Court—Prisoner Chose "Higher Tribunal."

Mrs. M. EVE, Ladderedge, near Leek, Staffs.
Ideal Wife—Can "Roast" Gossips Too.

E. N. HALL, 24, Bowker Street, Hr. Broughton, Manchester.
After The Wedding—Bags Waiting—Wags Baiting.

C. A. HARRIS, Five Ways, Cradley Heath, Staffs.
Mighty Man—Did What Many Might.

W. LEE, 22, Casson Street, Salford, Lancs.
Girl On The Beach—Considering Depth—Of Tan!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. A. SMITH, 13, Glasgow Road, Milton, Southsea.
Killing Time—Errand-boy—Not Errand-boy's Hero!

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 35.

SECOND GIANT BATCH OF..

50 BIG 'BULLETS' HOLIDAY PRIZES

HUGE 2-IN-1 HOLIDAY FIRST...

£750 CASH PLUS

SUPERB 'PYE' £14·14s PORTABLE RADIO..

[illegible]	£30	[illegible]	£19	[illegible]	£17	[illegible]
£15	[illegible]	2 OF £13	[illegible]	2 OF £11	[illegible]	2 OF £9
[illegible]	2 OF £7	[illegible]	2 OF £5	[illegible]	6 OF £3·10	[illegible]

Over £1,250 Holiday Cash to be Won this Week

FOR the second huge offer of the greatest Holiday Campaign in *Bullets* history the First Prize has been increased to the fine lump sum of £750, to which is added a splendid £14 14s. Portable Radio.

Since 49 other big Holiday Cheques follow this bumper 2-in-1 First, this is indeed week of golden opportunities for *Bullets* competitors.

Congratulations from JOHN BULL will e wired to the winner of to-day's £750-lus-Radio First on Friday, July 20, and ach of the 50 Holiday Prizes will be in s winner's hands in ample time for the ugust holidays.

Following the 50 principal awards are as any as 10,000 other prizes awaiting inners—and with each of the smaller wards there is a new 250 attraction hich has brought scores of appreciative omments from "Bulleteers."

THE WAY TO WIN

OME of the Examples on this page will bring a stream of thoughts into your hind—others, though less inviting at irst glance, may suit your purpose even etter when you settle down to a careful onsideration of their possibilities.

To make a *Bullet* you simply add any WO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and riginal comment to any of the *Examples*. or instance, if you are considering the *xample*, WHERE BRITAIN SCORES, your irst thought might be, *Being An Island ith Traditions*. By carefully improving he rough phrasing of that first idea, you ould readily produce the finished *Bullet*, HERE BRITAIN SCORES—HISTORY SHOWS—ND GEOGRAPHY!

To help you further, study the good oints of the winning efforts which ppear on the opposite page.

Then for your own prize *Bullets!* Spend few minutes in phrasing them neatly, aking sure that they reach the judges y Saturday, July 7.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

WHERE BRITAIN SCORES
WORLD'S CHAMPION
ACCORDING TO THE EXPERT
WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN
TERRIBLE ROW
WHEN WE WAKE UP
DICTATORS
HARD AS IRON
A SHOT RANG OUT AND
MAN TO AVOID
LOST IN THE CROWD
AFTER THE SMASH
SEA OF FACES
IN THE SMOKY CITY
YOUR CHILD
LOWER AND LOWER
GIRL AT THE SEASIDE
OUT OF HER DEPTH
SONNY'S A NUISANCE, BUT EVERYTHING
WHAT THE WAR-MONGER SAID
BLOW FOR MOTHER
POLITICIAN'S WIFE
SERVANT OR MASTER
HIKERS
IN HARMONY
OVER THE ROAD
THE BUTTERFLY
WRECKED HIS HOLIDAY
WHAT THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT
MARRIAGE
PRECIOUS MOMENT
TEMPTING OFFER
JUMPED AT
RISING STAR
ON HIS FEET AGAIN

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £50-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Post to—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two Attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 940 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Pickering, [illegible], King's Road, Reading.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £3 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the prize winners in "Bullets" No. 944 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address and date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(944) Closing SAT., July 7

P.O. No. ________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ________

Address ________

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(944) Closing SAT., July 7

P.O No. ________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ________

Address ________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(944) Closing SAT., July 7

P.O. No. ________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ________

Address ________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(944) Closing SAT., July 7

P.O. No. ________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed ________

Address ________

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(944) Closing SAT., July 7

P.O. No. ________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed ________

Address ________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ **Address Entry:** "Bullets" No. 944, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

HAPPY DAYS
FOR A
HAPPY PHRASE

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

MADAM DU BARRY.

Du Barry was the mistress of Louis XVth. She was noted for her beautiful complexion and vitality. She was only a seamstress when Count du Barry fell in love with her, and he afterwards got her to beguile Louis XVth, usurping the position of La Pompadour. Her glorious complexion—which bewitched the King—was made beautiful with similar materials to those which are used in Zee-Kol Soap to-day. Du Barry was guillotined during the French Revolution.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. S14),
40, Blenheim Road,
Upper Holloway, N.19

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving! You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils, all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness, and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage. These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in **6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.**

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX," and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

FRIEND: Good lord, not dressed yet. I have been shaved and dressed this five minutes and that Conference can never wait. Heaven above, what are all these soap suds doing on your face? You surely don't use soap and brush now, why every sensible fellow uses Shavex to-day. Even Kings and Princes use Shavex.

JIM: Have you got some Shavex, my face is quite sore.

FRIEND: Wait a tick, old chap, I will get you my tube, and in less than five minutes you will have had the finest shave you have ever had, and when you have shaved rub Shavex in the skin, it's a skin food. It keeps you young, Old Boy. My wife says all my wrinkles have disappeared since I used Shavex.

JIM: Well, you certainly look young and your skin looks fine, and you look as fresh as a daisy.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY for FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. R 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

"By jove, what a beautiful woman that tall one is. Who is she?"

"Why, that's Mrs. Delamere—I've known her for years—she is the same age as my sister Madeline."

"How absurd; why, your sister Madeline is 45, and this woman only looks about 28."

"Well, my dear boy, she is 45, and the other lady is her daughter. My sister tells me she uses a wonderful cream called Doge, and leaves it on her face all night to take away the wrinkles, and in the morning she is as fresh as you see her now, and without any wrinkles."

"By George, she must bless Doge Cream that can keep her as beautiful as she is now."

Almond Oil is used in Doge Cream.

Per Pot - - - 1/-
Large Pot - - 2/-
Large Tube - 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Do6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol.

Beware of Imitations

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/6, or a large tin 3/-.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night —they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire and for Rheumatism.

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